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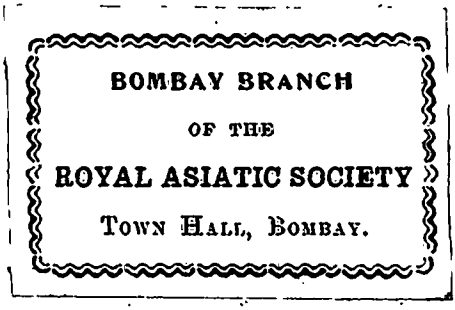

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SCENE at the GATE of POLI. WINNOWING CORN.

THREE MONTHS

PASSED IN THE

MOUNTAINS EAST OF ROME,

DURING THE YEAR 1819.

37856

BY

MARIA GRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN INDIA.

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The spacious neighbourhood of Rome
To Anio's roar; and Tiber's olive shade
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow.
THOMSON's *Liberty*.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN
PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINGBURGH.

1820.

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Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-Street, London.

that there are still living men to till the ground, and to dress the vineyards that surround it. And it is natural that it should be so. The apparent deadness of the Campagna, during the season when most travellers cross it, the scanty population, whose habits and manners savour of an older world, the wall of ruin that surrounds every thing that is new and fresh in Rome, force the thoughts back upon the past, and veil the present, as the future, from our eyes.

The object of the following little book is to describe the present state of the near neighbours of Rome; to show the peasants of the hills as they are, and as they probably have been, with little change, since "Rome was at her height;" to give such an account of their actual manners as may enable others to form a judgment of their moral and political condition, and to account for some of those irregularities which we do not easily imagine to be consistent with

the civilized state of Europe, but which for centuries have existed in the patrimony of the church.

The notices of the banditti might have been more full and more romantic, but the writer scrupulously rejected all accounts of them, upon the truth of which she could not rely, thinking it better to give one authentic fact, than twenty doubtful, though more interesting, tales. The banditti or forusciti of Italy are what the forest outlaws of England were in the days of Robin Hood. They are not of the poorest or vilest of the inhabitants. They generally possess a little field and a house, whither they retire at certain seasons, and only take the field when the hopes of plunder allure them, or the fear of a stronger arm drives them to the woods and rocks. They live under various chiefs, who, while their reign lasts, are absolute; but as they are freely chosen, they are freely deposed, or sometimes murdered, if they offend their subjects.

To be admitted into the ranks of the regular banditti, a severe apprenticeship to all kinds of hardship is required. The address and energy displayed by these men, under a better government, might conduce to the happiest effects. But here the fire burns not to warm, but to destroy.

The description of the portion of the country which is the subject of the book is perhaps too minute. The apology for this fault is simply that the writer was anxious to show what facilities the very nature of the land affords to the banditti, as well as the obstacles it presents to their pursuers; and perhaps there is a charm in the scenes, which were once the summer retreats of the wise and the glorious, though long since ruined, that has induced her to dwell upon them longer, and with more fondness than may be consistent with the taste or the patience of her readers.

The sketches from which the engravings are done, were made by Mr. Charles East-

lake, who accompanied the writer and her husband in their expedition to the hills. Mr. C. Eastlake is too well known as an artist to need the praise of the writer, who certainly could not give it without partiality; but she cannot resist the opportunity afforded by the publication of these pages, of testifying the sincere regard of both his fellow-travellers, and their gratitude for the additional enjoyment his taste and his knowledge enabled them to derive from their residence in Italy.

PREFACE.

When there are so many travellers in Italy, and when so many travellers have published tours, picturesque and classical, and have exhibited that "fair and fervid" land in all her various aspects: as "native to famous wits;" as the cradle, if not also the grave, of the fine arts; as the temple of freedom, and as a den of tyrants and slaves; it may appear presumptuous in one not capable of adding any thing to what is already known on any of these points, to write at all upon that country.

Yet there is one subject on which modern travellers have been silent: the state of the present inhabitants of the near neighbourhood of Rome. With the exception of M. de Chateauvieux, the visitors of the "eternal city" seem to have forgotten

THREE MONTHS NEAR ROME.

CHAPTER I.

Once the delight of Heav'n and earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever smiling, joined
On the gay land to lavish all their stores:
How changed! THOMSON'S *Liberty.*

SUBJECT OF THE WORK.—JOURNEY FROM ROME TO POLI. — INTERESTING OBJECTS ON THE ROAD. — TOWNS OF COLLATIA AND GABII.—SAN VETTURINO POSSIBLY THE ANCIENT ÆSULA. — CORN LANDS ANCIENTLY THE PRENESTINE FIELDS. — HORACE'S IMAGINARY PRENESTINE VILLA. — HIS REPUTATION AS A WIZARD.—PALACES OF CATENA. — VALE OF POLI. — TOWN OF POLI.—NUMBER AND CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS.—CLIMATE OF POLI, AND THAT OF THE CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

To avoid the great heat of Rome during the summer of 1819, the writer of the following pages, and two other persons, determined to go to some of the neighbouring villages to spend a few weeks. Accident

determined in favour of Poli*, between Tivoli and Palestrina: and as circumstances occurred whilst we were there which we believed might give some insight into the manners of a class of inhabitants not often brought into contact with foreigners, and therefore little known in England,—namely, the farmers and peasants,—a sort of journal was kept of every thing material that occurred. During the last few days of our stay at Poli, however, the interest we had taken in the people about us was superseded by one to which a considerable degree of danger was joined. The banditti who had long infested the road between Rome and Naples having been driven from their towns of Sonino †, Frusinone ‡, and Ferentino §,

* Poli, by some antiquaries believed to be the ancient Empulium, by others the ancient Bola. It was certainly a town of the Æqui. Æschinardi says it was the ancient Polustia: and an old inscription on a stone at the gateway calls it Palustia; though by some said to be the Longula of Marcus Coriolanus.

† Sonino, ancient Sumnino, a town of the Volsci.

‡ Frusinone, ancient Frusino, a town of the Volsci.

§ Ferentino, ancient Ferentinum, a town of the Volsci. Here are some of the finest specimens of the walls called Cyclopian by some writers.

partly by the Pope's edict *, and partly by the march of a body of 2000 of his Holiness's troops against them, had fled up the country, and had taken refuge in the wilds which border that great valley of the Apennines, formed by the course of the Anio, and separating the Marsian hills from those on whose edge Tivoli and Palestrina are situated. The highest point of this last ridge is the rock of Guadagnola, two hours' walk from Poli. There one company of the banditti stationed itself, and thence made excursions to our very gates.

Some previous knowledge of the country and inhabitants are however necessary to account for the degree of alarm spread through a whole province by a handful of robbers. We shall therefore proceed to describe our journey to Poli, our residence there, and the different excursions we made in its neighbourhood to the mountain passes, which afterwards became the chief haunts of the banditti.

Poli is twenty-six miles from Rome. The road to it from the Porta Maggiore † fol-

* See Appendix, No. I.

† Porta Maggiore. On the enlarging of the walls of

lows the ancient Gabine or Prenestine way across the Campagna, till it becomes impassable. The modern road to Preneste or Palestrina, is more to the right, and is in great part the ancient Labican way.* The Porta Maggiore received its present name, in the lower ages of the empire, from the Great Claudian aqueduct, one of whose arches serves for the gate. The works of Claudius and of Nero were repaired by Sixtus V. who used the same aqueduct to convey the Acqua Felice to Rome; and the inscriptions of all ages are to be read on these magnificent arcades. Just without the gate there is a pilaster, where the channels of the Acqua Marcia, the Acqua Tepula, and the Acqua Giulia, one above the other, are still visible. There is perhaps nothing, not even the Coliseum, that impresses the mind more with the grandeur and populous-

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Rome by Aurelian, two new gates, the Gabine or Prenestine, and the Labican, were substituted for the ancient Esquiline gate. When these gates were rebuilt by Honorius, two of the arches of the Claudian aqueduct were used for them, but soon afterwards the Labican gate was walled up, being useless so near the other.

* Labica, now the village of Colonna.

ness of old Rome than the ruins of the aqueducts, which brought the water forty, fifty, and even seventy miles, across the Campagna, and through its bordering mountains, for the daily use of the people.

We began our journey early enough on a fine day, in the middle of June, to see the first rays of the sun light up the tops of the mountains, and gradually descend to the towers of the Campagna, which is so far from being a plain that we were every moment presented with new points of view, as the distant objects now sunk behind and now re-appeared above the little hills, or rather undulations, which diversify the face of the whole province. The dells which are between these hills are neither deep nor very precipitous, but gradually levelled by cultivation, or the crumbling of the hills, the tops of which are destitute of trees, and sometimes even of earth. Many of them are crowned with the ruins of towers, of temples, and of tombs, whose painted ceilings and Mosaic flooring now and then attract the eye of the passing traveller. As we drove along, the polygonal pavement of the antique road frequently appeared, and

on either hand the plough-share annually makes discoveries which, unless they timely attract the notice of an antiquary, or the avarice of a marble-worker, it burries again the next season.

A large round building, not unlike the temple of Minerva Medica, stands so near the road, that its foundation is worn by the passing wheels. In the third century it was used as a Christian church, and the learned say that it was an ancient temple to Fortune, belonging to the villa of the Gordiani, which stood on the road to Prenestе. In one tomb which we passed, the sarcophagus, with the sheet of asbestos wrapped round the skull and bones, now preserved in the library of the Vatican, was found; in another, a sarcophagus where the bas reliefs were painted; a third was erected in honour of a mule who had long served his master faithfully, and who knelt down to allow him to mount when he became infirm. Farther on, at the Tower called Pignatara, the magnificent porphyry sarcophagus of Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine, was found, and placed in the Vatican, where it is only equalled by that

of Saint Constantia, the daughter of the same Prince. Beyond this we came to the supposed temple of Female Fortune, and then to the tower called Torre di tre Teste. This name it owes either to three ugly marble heads sculptured in bas relief upon it, or to its being the point where the lands of three great proprietors * in the last century met, and where three of the chief folds for red cattle were placed. At present, the tower and buildings about it are uninhabited in summer, excepting in the few weeks of harvest, when a little chapel is opened there every morning at day-break for the reapers, besides a small wine-house, which often disappoints the traveller, by not having a drop of either wine or water to allay his thirst. The reapers are of course not natives of the Campagna, where the air is too bad to maintain human life in the summer. They come down from the neighbouring hills in companies of from twenty to an hundred, and erect little straw huts, where they sleep during harvest, and

* The three great proprietors were Borghese, Maffei, and Casali, and the three great folds were Ceniara, Cernanetta, and Bocca Leone.—ÆSCHINARDI.

almost universally return home with the intermittent fever. Various chapels are erected, where a priest says mass once a day for the reapers; and there are a few houses where occasional supplies of bread and wine may be procured; but we regretted that no ovens have been erected where fresh bread might be baked, and the coarse food of the labourers thus improved.

Beyond the Torre di tre Teste the antique buildings are more rare. At the last, Torre di Salone, the sarcophagus representing the battle of the Amazons, and the beautiful crouching Venus, were found; and close to the same tower are the sources of the Acqua Vergine, which supplies the fountain of Trevi, in Rome. Not far thence Furius Camillus fought the Gauls, as they retreated from Rome, in the year 365 of the city; and two hundred years earlier, Tarquin defeated the Sabines on the same spot. Beyond this interesting field, the Ponte di Nona*, a handsome and very ancient Roman fabric, crosses a little dell, in a line with

* So called from its being at the ninth mile from Rome. It has been ascribed to the times of the Republic.

the broken aqueduct of the Acqua Alexandrina; and two miles beyond that we found ourselves on the banks of the river Veresis, at a little inn, where mules were waiting to take us to Poli, the road becoming impassable for a carriage at this spot.

The inn is that of Pantana, commonly called the Osteria dell' Osa, from the modern name of the Veresis, on which it stands. The ancient Collatia lies within a mile of the inn, and we regretted that we had not time to walk thither. A little hill, covered with ruins of the middle ages; a foundation of a wall of large stones, and of antique masonry, is all that remains of the town of Lucretia, the birth-place of Roman freedom. It is now called Castellaccio, and in the middle ages had the name of Castrum Osæ, or Losæ.

We had scarcely proceeded a quarter of a mile on our mules, when we saw the lake of Pantana, or Castiglione, the ancient lake of Gabii. It is little more than a mile in circumference; its banks are composed of volcanic substances, and its shape and depth indicate that it is the crater of an extinguished volcano. The quarries of the

Gabine stone, or Peperino *, furnish a tufo not unlike the Alban stone in appearance, though rather redder, and much harder. The ancients made use of it not only for building, but for mill-stones. The banks of the lake are woody, and afford cover for wild boars, roe-deer, and every kind of game, the lake being favourable also to the wild water-fowl. The meadows between it and the Alban hills are peculiarly fertile in natural grass, and a number of horses are annually bred there, which bring in a considerable revenue to the proprietor, whose extensive stables in long low lines among the woods, add greatly to the beauty of a landscape, where the scarcity of dwellings of any kind makes a building doubly valuable. On the margin of this lake stood the ancient town of Gabii. Here Romulus and Remus were brought up. † Here Sextus Tarquinius, after executing the barbarous intention of his father, implied in the cutting off the aspiring poppy-heads in

* The mottled greenish-grey colour of this kind of tufo has procured it the vulgar name of peperino, from its resemblance to ground pepper.

† Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

his garden, was sacrificed to the just vengeance of the men whose fathers had perished by his tyranny. And this was among the first allies of the infant republic.

By the time of Augustus, however, it had fallen into such complete decay, that it is scarcely ever mentioned without the addition of some epithet implying deserted *; but towards the end of his reign, it began to revive, on account of the salubrity of its waters, which some physicians had praised after the death of Marcellus, in opposition to the baths of Campania. Extensive baths were then erected, and it became a fashionable resort for the idle and dissipated of Rome. At length Hadrian, who prided himself on being "the restorer of cities," raised Gabii to at least its former beauty, if he could not restore the dignity of its independence; and early in the Christian history of Italy, it is mentioned as an episcopal see. But of its first honours, of its re-establishment under Hadrian, or of its bishop-

* Do you know what Lebidus is? A village more deserted than Gabii. — HORACE, *Epis*. B. I. Epis. 11.

We do not quote Francis here, because he omits the name of Gabii.

ric in the decline of the empire, so few vestiges remained, that historians and antiquaries had fixed Gabii at almost every village within twenty miles of the real scite, until 1792. In that year, the Scotch painter Gavine Hamilton, guided by the size and situation of the lake, and the vicinity of the ruined temple of Juno, the tutelar goddess of Gabii *, undertook to superintend such excavations as the Prince Borghese, on whose estate these ruins are situated, might be inclined to make. The result was highly gratifying. Forty-seven marbles, including inscriptions, were discovered, and the ancient forum was cleared. The marbles were conveyed to the Villa Borghese, near the Porta del Popola, close to the walls of Rome, where a plain Casino was built to receive them, and there they remained till they were removed to Paris with the rest of the treasures of Rome, but they have not returned. Among them were a fine statue of Germanicus, and busts of the Julian and

Virgil mentions Gabii as under the protection of Juno. Among the friends of Turnus, were "those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land."

DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, *Æn.* B. VII. v. 944.

Antoninian reigns. There were also several statues of Gabine magistrates, but Forsyth remarks, that their toga is not disposed in that solemn knot, called the *cinctus Gabinus*, for the Gabines had that privilege only in war.

The forum has been filled up †, and the traveller is once more reduced to the plain square walls of the temple of Juno, for the gratification of his curiosity at Gabii. The lake and its surrounding thickets, with the

* The cinctus Gabinus was nothing else but when the lappet of the toga, which used to be brought up to the left shoulder, being drawn thence, was cast off in such a manner upon the back, as to come round short to the breast, and there fastened in a knot, which knot or cincture tucked up the gown, and made it shorter.

FERRARIUS.

† Visconti has given an account and a plate of the forum of Gabii, in his interesting "Monumenta Gabini;" and also some curious details of the history of Gabii, confirmed by the inscriptions found there. The treasures of Gabii now adorn the gallery of the Louvre. The Germanicus with the sheathed sword, is that once belonging to the Borghese collection; the other with his hand raised, as if in the attitude of playing at Mora, was carried from Rome to Paris in the reign of Louis XIV One of the most remarkable of the Gabine marbles in the Louvre, is the circular altar to the twelve superior deities.

castle which gives it its modern name, are however sufficiently interesting; and the fine fig-trees which grow down to the water, show that one part of its ancient fame at least was just, for its fine figs are still the boast of the Campagna.

Leaving the Gabine lake on our right, we proceeded by the ancient Via Colatina as far as Corcolla, having passed the last public granary on the borders of the Campagna. Corcolla is a high rocky point, at the junction of two mountain streams, on the top of which there is a handsome and ancient mansion of the Barberini, now only used as a farm-house. A little beyond it, on the same hill, is Passerano, the ancient Scaptia. The meadows on either side of the water below Corçolla, are flat and green, and more like English fields than any thing we had seen in Italy; they are decorated with a few willows, and a white mill stands among them on the stream. Just opposite, there is a small wine-house, behind which the Via Colatina runs on towards Tivoli. We took another direction, and entered a thicket that clothes the steep banks of the stream. As we ascended, we passed the foundation

of some large antique building, formed of great square blocks of Peperino, and observed a fluted marble column lying across the path. As these remains are near the little unhealthy town of San Vetturino, where some antiquaries place the ancient Æsula, though others think it was at San Gregorio, about four miles from it, they may have belonged to that town. After climbing by wretched rocky paths for some time, through a picturesque wood of oak and elm, with an under-growth of various kinds of thorn and other flowering shrubs, we found ourselves on a high narrow ridge, between two streams, which, though now quiet enough, show by the large masses of rock that lie in these channels, how terrible their winter course has been. This ridge brought us out to an open plain, very much raised above any part of the Campagna, and perfectly flat where the torrents had not worn channels. The plain is from half a mile to two miles wide, and stretches along the foot of the mountains from Tivoli to Palestrina. It is very fertile, and we saw them reaping a most luxuriant crop of wheat. All the wheat grown hereabouts is bearded;

they call it *grano di Campagna*, and say it yields the best crops. The flour it produces is remarkably white; the straw rather coarse, and the ear in the husk has a reddish cast. This plain once belonged almost entirely to Preneste, or Palestrina, but Sylla deprived that city of part of the territory, which was never entirely restored, and it is now divided among the neighbouring townships. There are no villages nor hamlets, nor even farm-houses, in this part of Italy. All the inhabitants live in towns, and this gives the country, especially about Rome, a melancholy air. The want of those comfortable homesteads that animate the landscape in England, is sensibly felt in these widely extended fields, where the only buildings are the casales, or small houses, where the agricultural implements are kept, the daily food of the labourers is deposited, and where, at most, a farm servant sometime sleeps to guard the grain or other stores. But not one family lives in the country; the home is always in the town, and it is possible that this unpeopling of the country may be a cause, as well as a consequence, of the unhealthiness of the

air. That part of the plain to which we ascended belongs to Poli; to our right is the tenement belonging to Palestrina, called San Giovanni in Camp-orazio, where, besides the ancient aqueduct across the deep ravine that divides it from the lands of Poli, there are many ancient substructures; and funeral vases, and other antique fragments, have been found. The name of this tenement has led to some serious enquiries, as to whether Horace ever possessed a villa or a vineyard near Preneste. But besides the possibility that some of his admirers may have named a field after him, or that some other Horace may have had his farm here, we may believe the poet's own assertion, that his only villa was in the Sabine, not the Prænestine territory. However, to account for the name of Camp-orazio, we must observe, that Horace is looked upon by the people in this neighbourhood, as at least as great a necromancer as Virgil was by half Europe in the tenth century; and when they have no other name at hand to give to an ancient ruin, it is always, "Perhaps it may have been built by the poet Horace."

Nero, indeed, under the name of the *Re Negrone*, partakes in these honours; and greatly indeed would both the poet and emperor be astonished at some of the works attributed to them. Beyond the Camporazio lies the camp occupied by Pyrrhus, on his nearest approach to Rome; and the Hernician plain extends between the Alban hills and the Appenine.

We were, however, not able very much to enjoy the beauty or novelty of the landscape, on account of the excessive heat; for it was about noon when we traversed the corn land before mentioned; and the midsummer sun of Italy, reflected from a harvest-field, is enough to damp the strongest curiosity. But two miles of this hot road brought us to the woody vale of Poli. At its entrance we were struck with the beautiful situation of the palaces of the Catena, belonging to the family of Cesarini, but now deserted. Three villas, with every luxury of garden and fountain, wood and meadow, stabling for eighty horses, garners for corn, and storehouses for wine and oil, are all abandoned; and the fallen fortunes of that house, which traces its ancestry to the Roman Cæsars, are too visibly pictured

here. The very roads by which the palaces could be approached are broken up, and it must be years since even a waggon could have forced its way along the rocky paths that now supply their place. Of the modern road, indeed, scarcely a vestige remains; but the antique paved way from Tivoli to Palestrina, which runs in a line with the Catena, shows itself in more than one spot in the corn land we passed through.

The valley of Poli is very narrow, and runs up about three miles into the mountains. It is formed by two principal streams and several smaller, which pour down the sides of the hills, and, after wandering through the valleys below, find their way to the Anio, not far from the Ponte Lucano. The town stands on a narrow ridge of dark rock, between its two rivulets. The stone it is built of is so like the rock, that it looks as if it had grown out of it; and, embosomed in thick woods, and overtopped by mountains, it shows like a mountain-eagle's nest as one approaches it. And such, indeed, it was, when the Conti dukes of Poli had under their dominion upwards of forty townships, and boasted of the car-

dinals, the princes, and the popes of their house. They were originally of the followers of the Emperor Otho into Italy, and the family long retained the half-barbarous name of Lotharius, among their descendants. Their importance in the civil wars of Italy has given them a place in each of the three divisions of the Divina Comedia of Dante: but the title of the dukes of Poli is extinct, and their large possessions have devolved, through the female branches, upon the Sforza Cesarini, and the Piombini, the last of whom possess the Palazzo Poli in Rome, and the first the palace and town of Poli itself.*

The entrance to the town is through a handsome gateway, built in the sixteenth century, by Lotharius, Duke of Poli. The duke's palace, a building of the same date, raised on the remains of a much older fabric, is immediately over the gate, and commands the whole town, which only consists of one street and two small squares; for the little lanes leading out of

* The town and palace are now on sale; and it is said that Madame Letitia Buonaparte is in treaty for it at the price of 90,000 crowns.

the street to the low houses, partly built and partly excavated in the rock, hardly deserve even that humble name. The gate, the ducal chapel, and the front of the palace, form three sides of the Piazza della Corte; the fourth opening to the street. The palace is a plain, though irregular building, with handsome apartments. The ground-floor is now converted into a granary and storehouse; and the coved ceilings, painted, it should seem, by the school of the Zuccheri, accord but ill with the filth and neglect every where visible. The fountains that adorned the court, the staircase, and the balcony, are all dry. The theatre, which even till of late years afforded some little intellectual amusement for the Polese, is fallen to decay; and the gardens are let out to the market-men. A few rooms only are kept in repair, in case the duke should choose to visit it. The library is clean, but almost empty; for nothing is left but a few volumes on religion and the canon law; and the gallery is now hung with wretched daubings that would disgrace the walls of an English ale-house. The principal church of Poli is dedicated to

Saint Peter, the patron of the town. It is built on the only antique masonry now existing at Poli, which consists of immense square blocks of tufo, laid like the oldest buildings in Rome. It was once painted entirely within; but the love of neatness in some of the archpriests has covered all the pictures but three, by the great altar, one of which represents the crucifixion of Peter, with white-wash. These are said to be the works of the pupils of Michael Angelo. The admiration, or rather idolatry of the people in this neighbourhood for that great man, has produced some little confusion in their ideas of chronology. For instance; the chapel to the Virgin, at Capranica, two miles from Poli, built by Cardinal Antonio Capranica, is said to have been designed by him; but, as the death of the Cardinal and the birth of Michael Angelo were within two or three years of each other, the chapel must have had another founder or another architect. The tradition that these wild scenes were a favourite summer resort of his, is more easily to be believed. The only piece of marble in the neighbourhood of Poli is a copy of his Pietà, placed in a

very pretty little church, just without the gates, called the Madonna della Pietà. The church of Saint John is large and plain, and belongs to one of the two parishes of Poli. Part of it is formed of the living rock; and, being partially over the lower gate of the town, might serve, on occasion, as a defence. Just without that gate there is a small chapel to Saint Anthony, scarcely ever opened but on his festival, when he exercises his peculiar privilege of blessing the cattle; and cakes and roasted beans are distributed to the owners, after their beasts have been duly sprinkled with the holy water. The number of the inhabitants of Poli exceeds 1300: they universally apply themselves to agriculture, and are a quiet simple people; hospitable as far as their means go, and even generous. In 1656, when the plague raged in Palestrina, and all the neighbouring towns refused communication, or even a passage to the mills through the lands, the people of Poli opened a pass through their fields for their unfortunate neighbours, and, animated by the example of their duke, Carlo Conti, went daily to the gate of the afflicted city,

and carried such provisions as they could spare. In consequence of this conduct, on the day when the Prenestines went in solemn procession to return thanks to God and to Saint Agapet for their delivery from the sickness, the whole people of Poli were enrolled as citizens of Palestrina.

There are three or four public ovens in the town, but no shops but those for the most ordinary necessaries. A carpenter, a blacksmith, a shoe-maker, and a worker in leather, for agricultural uses, are all the handicraftsmen in Poli. The coarse clothing is chiefly made by the women, who, with the distaff and spindle, spin their wool and flax in the winter, weave it in the spring at looms let out at a cheap rate, and dye or bleach it before midsummer, when first the harvest, and then the vintage, call them to harder labour.

The climate of Poli is exceedingly healthy, and there is no instance of the fever of the country attacking those who live entirely there; but the poorer sort, who go to perform harvest-work in the Campagna, almost universally return ill, and the neighbouring town of San Vetturino, and even the

vi'las of the Catena suffer annually from it. The want of shelter in the Campagna has been considered as the great cause of the fevers. The excessive heat of the day, when the thermometer rises to nearly a hundred, causes an extraordinary degree of evaporation from the lakes and marshes; the air is of course full of moisture, which being condensed after night-fall, descends suddenly on bodies still heated by the sun, and by a hard day's work, and would, by the sudden change they cause, produce an intermitting fever even without the help of the miasma, or the sulphureous exhalations to which various writers * have attributed the unhealthiness of the neighbourhood of Rome. If this be the true cause, or even, one of the causes, the cutting down the woods must increase the evil, by taking the shelter from the water or damp grounds, and thus exposing them to the direct rays of the sun, and also by removing the natural remedy for bad air furnished by the leaves of trees, which derive nourishment from what destroys animal life, and give out in return a purer element. Some advantage might be

* See particularly Chateauvieux's sensible letters from Italy, to M. Pictet.

derived from digging reservoirs like the ancient Piscinæ, where the water might be covered; and much from draining. But the climate around Rome has always been unhealthy. Our own elder poets noticed it, particularly Shakspeare, who makes Coriolanus say to the retreating Romans, "All the contagion of the south light on you." And again, in Cymbeline, Cloten says, speaking of Posthumus who was just gone to Rome, "The south fog rot him." But the fever of Rome existed long before the unpeopling of its neighbourhood in the middle ages. The elegant paper of Dr. Matthaeis, on the worship paid by the ancient Romans to the Goddess Fever, proves that her altars existed from the very earliest times of the monarchy. The most ancient of her temples was on Mount Palatine; others were erected in different parts of the city; and it appears most probable, that such remedies as had proved efficacious were registered in these temples for the benefit of future supplicants. Horace in his satires, ridicules some of the vows made for the recovery of the sick*, and in his epistle

* Francis's Horace, Satires, B. ii. Sat. ii. c. 401.

to Mæcenas, excusing himself for staying in the country, instead of visiting his friend in Rome, thus mentions his fears of fever.

> The purpled fig now paints the sickly year,
> And undertakers in black pomp appear;
> The father, and with softer passions warm'd,
> The tender mother, for her son 's alarm'd;
> The crowded levee with a fever kills,
> And the long lawyer's plea unseals our wills. *

But it would be endless to quote, or even to name all the poets or historians who mention the periodical fever of Rome among the ancients. In their time, as now, the number of fevers and of deaths varied considerably in different years, they were, however, always more numerous during the months of June, July, August. The number of fever patients in the hospital of Santo Spirito in Rome, is usually from 1800 to 2000. This year, 1819, it was little more than 1000, yet foreigners complain of it as an unhealthy season, while the labourers in the Campagna have found it milder than usual.

* Francis's Horace, Epistles, B. i. Ep. 7.

CHAP. II.

Ye fauns, propitious to the rural swains!
Ye nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains!
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour; for your gifts I sing.

DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

COSTUME AT POLI. — AMUSEMENTS. — EDUCATION. — RELIGION AND ITS EFFECTS. — POPULAR LITERATURE. — COUNTRY HOUSES, FARMS, &c. — SOIL. — CULTIVATION — PRODUCTIONS. — OFFERINGS TO THE MADONNA. — VINEYARDS. — OLIVES. — FOREST AND OTHER TREES. — FRUITS. — PASTURE, CATTLE, SHEEP, GOATS, PIGS. — GAME AND HUNTING. — FISH.

A FEW days after our arrival at Poli, we were present at a little dance given chiefly to honour us as strangers. The very picturesque costume of the peasants appeared to great advantage on the occasion; and the dance, the Roman Saltarella so well given in Pinelli's spirited etchings, exhibited all the varieties of the bashful, the graceful, and the grotesque. The tambourine was the only instrument used to regulate the steps of the dancers, some of whom danced

C. L. E. del.º

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown. 1820.

I. Clark Sculp.

without shoes; others, with their high heels and enormous buckles, exhibited, perhaps, more skill but less grace.

On holidays, these dances, a little drinking among the men who also play a great deal at bowls, and a great deal of gossip among the women, are the chief amusements of the Polese. The young men go out to shoot and hunt, but the price of a licence to shoot (about six shillings) deters many from that profitable pastime. A few of the better sort of women, and there are eight or ten who have left off their country costume and adopted the French style of dress, make parties into the country and walk together in the evening, and sometimes play at cards. These, instead of spinning, or knitting, embroider flounces and frills; but books never enter into their amusements or occupations; and even music is only cultivated by the priests. Of these there are only five in Poli, including the village schoolmaster; and a friar or a monk is almost as much stared at by the children here, as he would be in a country town in England. Their parents, indeed, remember two well-peopled monasteries belonging to Poli, but these were among the first to sink at the Revolution.

A very fine house, now belonging to the chief proprietor here, was about the year 1790 flourishing as a convent of Breton monks, but Brittany being involved in the general fate of France, the funds for the support of the convent failed, and the community sold their house and land, and dispersed. San Stefano, close to the great gate at Poli, is little better. A single monk, who is the schoolmaster, and a lay-brother who cooks for him, are all the remaining inhabitants of the once richly endowed Spanish monastery of San Stefano. The school was founded some centuries ago by the lady Giacinta of the Conti family, and is free to all the young Polese. They are taught reading, writing, and Latin, and Italian grammar, but no arithmetic. Their Latin studies consist of sentences from Cicero, part of Cornelius Nepos, the Testament, and certain religious tracts. Formerly this was a kind of preparation for the priesthood, but the profession is out of fashion at Poli since the reduction of the monasteries. The Italian authors they read are entirely religious. A short catechism, the Christian doctrine of Belarmine, a history of the Bible, but not a chapter unprepared, and

the lives of the saints, complete the studies of the school of Poli, and probably those of most of the free schools in Italy.

The charity of the foundress of the boys school also supports a school-mistress to teach the girls to read, to sew, to spin, and to knit.

Education, imperfect as it is here, displays its advantages in the conduct and sentiments of some of the peasants. We met with one remarkable instance of its influence in a young man who was usually our guide in our little expeditions. His powers of reasoning were acute, and his observations, wherever his religious faith did not interfere, far above any thing we had expected in this rude and remote place. If by chance he got near the doubtful grounds of faith, he always checked himself, saying, "These subjects are better not touched upon. I do not think the worse of you for differing in your belief from me; but I believe it would be mortal sin in me, unenlightened as I am, to attempt to examine the grounds of my own, and thereby expose myself to the perils of heresy or discontent." On all other subjects he was very frank and intel-

ligent, and exceedingly curious about the productions of our country, and the customs of our country people. We had the curiosity to borrow the common school-books from Agabitto, for so our friend was called, and could not help being struck with the extreme care with which the church of Rome has watched to effect its own purposes in the instruction of even the youngest child. The Italian Santa Croce, or Christ's-cross-row*, contains, besides the letters and syllables, some prayers in Italian, others in Latin, which the little children are instructed to repeat, without, however, understanding them. The creed, a short catechism, and a manufactured copy of the Decalogue. In this last, the second commandment is completely omitted, to accommodate the pictures and images of the Romish worship, and the 10th is split, to make up

* This name, pronounced *criss-cross-row*, was given to the alphabet when the sign of the holy cross preceded the letter A, and was learned by the little Christian before any thing else. Its original title is now almost forgotten as well as that of the horn-book, which it derived from being covered with transparent horn to keep it clean. Modern primers and spelling-books have superseded our old friend, but we still remember it with gratitude.

the number. * Indeed, we do not see how the commandment against idolatry could be retained where the practice is so prevalent. The women wear a Madonna and child in their rings, the men sew a crucifix into their jackets; these are caressed and invoked in every peril, and we had more than one occasion to observe that these images were considered as something more than mere symbols.

Several of the principal persons here, never having seen heretics before, except struggling in flames in a picture, questioned us very minutely as to our faith; and when we acknowledged our want of belief in the Virgin and saints, and our disregard of images and pictures, they shrunk involuntarily, and earnestly entreated us to be of their church; if for nothing else, that we might enjoy the mediation of the saints, and more especially of the blessed Virgin, whose intercession was all-powerful with her Son, and with his Father. How mischievous this multiplicity of mediators, in addition to the privileges attached to confession, may be in encouraging the repe-

* See Appendix, II.

tition of crimes is, however, but too apparent. He who can murder his brother to-day, and appease the church, and lull his own conscience, to-morrow by penance, and a bribe to the Virgin, or some other saint, will have less scruple to kill his father the day after. At Tivoli a man was pointed out to us who had stabbed his brother, who died in agonies within an hour. The murderer went to Rome, purchased his pardon from the church, and received a written protection from a cardinal, in consequence of which, he was walking about unconcernedly: a second Cain, whose life was sacred. If then crimes are so easily got over, how much more may a monthly or yearly confession and absolution cover habitual vice?

Religious books, however, are not the only reading in which the peasantry delight. Some of them aspire even to the works of Metastasio; but the greater number are better acquainted with the sort of half-classical ballads, which jumble the heathen mythology and Christian legends together. The story of Orpheus and Euridice, called *Orfeo e la bella Eudrice*, is a great favourite.

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The death of Clorinda, from Tasso, deformed by a barbarous jargon, but still pathetic, is another. But perhaps the most read, are those founded on the miracles and martyrdoms of the saints, in which the wickedness of Nero, and the necromancy of Simon Magus, furnish what one may call the machinery of the poem; and virtue and religion, in the persons of the holy martyrs, always conquer at last; for the poets never scruple to accompany them to the land of souls, and to exhibit them in a state of glory. Contrasted with these, but almost equally prized, are the lives of famous robbers and outlaws, the Robin Hoods of Italy. Satirical poems are not very uncommon among the lower class of people, who have a strong perception of humour. Their songs of course are chiefly of devotion and of love. And their prose tales have all the necromancy and the gigantic that might be expected in the country of Ariosto and Pulci.*

Many of the richer people in Poli have pretty country-houses, which have every

* See Appendix for Specimens, III.

appearance of having been really little villas, with the vineyard, orchard, and garden around them. They are now deserted, and are used like the common casales, for the farming implements, or as storehouses, and the occasional shelter of a farm-servant to watch the crops. The presses for wine and oil are also generally at the casales; and the wool is washed and prepared, and the flax and hemp steeped and heckled there. We frequently walked to one of these little farms, to meet the goats coming in at night from the mountain. As the flock crowded down the broken road leading to the fold, followed by their grotesque-looking shepherd and his rough dogs, the pet-kids crowding round their master and answering to his call, we could not help thinking of the antique manners described by the poets, and represented in the pictures of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The casale is built on a rock, looking over the rugged glen, that leads from Poli to Palestrina. A Madonna, painted on a coloured tile, is placed over the gateway; and we observed such at the entrance of almost every vineyard, to bless

them from evil, and to guard them from thieves. They seem in this classic land to be substituted for the rural deities and termini, which occupied the same places and filled the same offices in antique Italy, and which were of at least as rude workmanship.

Io lavorata da rustico artefice
Io pioppio arida, e stante, o passeggiere,
Qui alla sinistra, io custodisco il piccolo
Campo, che or puoi con sigurta vedere;
E da me questa villetta defendesi,
'E l'orticino al povero padrone,
Le rie mani de Ladri allontanandone.
Ho percio nell' Aprile pinte Corone
Ho rosseggianti spiche in caldo fervido
Ho tra i pampini verdi uva dolciata
E glauche olive quando il verno e rigido. * *

The hills on the south side of the vale of Poli are composed of tufo, and crowned with chesnut-wood. In quarrying the tufo for building, wood, canes, and leaves are found in it, besides great quantities of charcoal, which, though somewhat heavier than common charcoal, owing to a small portion of calcareous matter, which partially fills up the pores, is still so little changed as to

burn exceedingly well. We saw some of the pieces so large as three inches in diameter; and we could distinguish the knots and branches of various kinds of trees enclosed in the same bed. The soil formed by the decomposition of this tufo is of the richest quality; and the proprietors assured us, that it neither required to lie fallow, nor to be manured.

The father of the young peasant we have already mentioned, obtained a piece of waste land about ten years ago, and with no other assistance than his son's labour, he has converted it into a most productive little farm. * We frequently went thither to enjoy the sight of such successful industry, and that we might become acquainted with the rural economy of the neighbourhood. Most of the territory of Poli belongs in fief to the Duke of Sforza, and, like the lands of the church, are not entirely alienable, but are sold subject to a quit-rent, sometimes

* In this manner a number of small proprietors are growing up out of the wrecks of some of the great feofs of the states of the church; besides, the land stewards and overseers are also, like John o' the scales, rising on the ruin of their employers.

paid in kind, sometimes in money; and upon all sales and transfers of lands, there is a government tax of 4 per cent. Our friend's little farm pays a fifth of all the corn, and a fourth of all the pulse, wine, oil, &c. raised upon it. In bad years this is hard upon the cultivator; who, after paying his fourth or fifth into the Duke's store houses, and feeding his family, has been known to have scarcely enough seed for the next year, much less any thing to sell, so as to add to his stock, or to provide for exigencies. Close about the casale is what may properly be called the garden, containing fruit-trees, vines, and olives; between which are the ordinary vegetables, such as cabbage, potatoes, tomatas, and the various kinds of gourds. Peas, beans, and kidney-beans, are sown in greater quantities, and form an essential part of the farmer's wealth; the rest of the ground is given up to wheat and maize. But no man here thinks of cultivating the most he can of what his soil is fittest for, till he has planted enough of every thing else for the yearly supply of his family.

Wheat is sown two or three years toge-

ther without manure on the same land: it is then succeeded by maize, generally for two years; and with the maize, kidney-beans, which find support on the strong, straight stems of the maize. Sometimes flax or hemp is sown once in five years; but they generally expect three crops of wheat in that period, though the order of the rotation may be different, and a winter crop of beans or green meat for cattle substituted for one of maize. The kidney-bean is an article of much importance here. The quantity eaten green bears no proportion to that raised for the sake of the ripe seed, which, under the name of Haricot, Fageoli, and Caravansas, form a great part of the lent food of the people of France, Italy, and Spain. They are reaped as peas are in England, and either threshed with a flail or trodden out by cattle. Very little barley or rye, and still less oats, are raised in the lands of Poli, as much flax, as nearly to supply the inhabitants, and some hemp, in the wettest grounds, are annually cultivated; but the great crops, those, in short, which leave any surplus for the market, are wheat, kidney-beans, maize, and wine.

The wheat is reaped towards the end of June and throughout July, ten days later than the harvest of the Campagna. As soon as a large field, or two or three adjoining fields, are reaped, a threshing floor is prepared, and the grain is trodden out by horses; so that it is threshed before it is stored, or even removed from the field; a practice that could not obtain in our uncertain climate. The clayey nature of the soil renders Virgil's precept, to

"Delve of convenient depth your threshing floor,
With tempered clay then fill and face it o'er *,"

unnecessary. Here a piece of ground in the highest and driest part of the field, is first smoothed with a hoe, and then swept very clean. If the crop be small, it is threshed with a flail; if otherwise, horses are used to tread it out. We have seen from ten to fourteen on one floor. The corn is winnowed on the spot, by means of a sieve supported on poles, and the chaff

* Dryden's Virgil, Georg. I. l. 258. We saw threshing floors, such as Virgil describes, in the neighbourhood of Naples.

burned forthwith. Formerly, it was often left to be dispersed by the wind; but since the locusts destroyed the crops of the Campagna in 1811, and the two following years, the burning the chaff has been universally practised as a means of destroying the larvæ of those formidable insects. The gleaners rub out their little pittance on a rasp, or beat it with a stone. This latter custom, as well as the use of threshing-floors, is oriental. The wages of a man in harvest is two pauls, or nearly a shilling, besides four *pagnotte*, or little loaves, each weighing eight ounces troy weight, and wine, mixed with one-fourth of water, at discretion. A woman's wages is one paul and three pagnotte, with wine. They heighten the relish of their bread with goat or ewe-milk, cheese, onions, and garlic. The money-wages at Tivoli is one half more; the allowance of bread the same. In the neighbourhood of Albano and Frascati, the wages in money are much higher, but no food is allowed. Harvest-home, as with us, is a time of universal merriment. It is generally celebrated with

a dance, when cakes, called *ciambelli*, made of fine flour, oil, and honey, and others, called *pizzi*, made of barley, well salted, are distributed, with a good allowance of wine. If the harvest has been plentiful, a large sheaf is generally reserved for some favourite saint, as the offering of first-fruits among the Hebrews was *corn beaten out of full ears.* * The reapers carry it along; the priest meets them, a prayer of dedication is said, and the sheaf is placed before the altar. We had the pleasure of seeing the little church of Santa Maria delle Grazie so adorned; and whether it be the remains of pagan rites, or the natural expression of pious gratitude, acting alike under different laws and in different ages, we were too well pleased to enquire. We have seen the poor Hindoo place his cocoa-nut and his handful of rice before his household gods. We read of the elegant offerings of odorous flowers and fruits made by Catullus, to the rural guardian of his vineyard †; but none of these

* Levit. ii. 14.

† Catullus, xix. and xx. See the quotation page 37.

please us so much as the plentiful sheaf given by the Christian Polese to the Madonna delle Grazie.

The maize here is drilled and thinned. Some attempts were made at Tivoli to sow it broad-cast, and leave it unthinned; but they failed. The plants scarcely grew to the height of four feet, and seldom produced more than one head; while that which is drilled grows to twice that height, and each plant produced at least six heads. Besides, the green provender afforded by its leaves for the cattle is more abundant and more juicy, and consequently the dried leaves for winter mattresses larger and softer. After the maize is cut it is left to dry a few days in the sun, and then threshed like other corn. While very young, the heads boiled or toasted are both palatable and nutritious, and are much eaten by the common people. The meal of the maize, called Polenta, is made into a sort of pudding, not unlike oatmeal porridge; it is sometimes eaten in the same manner, but oftener sliced, when cold, and broiled. The bread made from maize is neither agreeable nor nutritious.

A vineyard lasts twenty years without renewing, if well pruned, hoed, and care taken to put in a fresh slip where rot or accidents destroy an old one. Almost all the manure of the farm is expended here upon the vineyard, which is carefully dressed twice a-year; first, when the spring is well set in, and again in autumn before the cold is severe. The vines here are not allowed to grow so high as about Naples, where, as in Virgil's time,

> "They brave the winds, and clinging to their guide,
> On tops of elms at length triumphant ride." *

Nor are they kept so low as about Rome, where trellice-work of wood or reeds, scarcely more than six feet high, is used to train them on. Here they plant the maple for that purpose in rows in the vineyard, and prune it at nine or ten feet from the ground, allowing a few elms to grow

* Dryden's Virgil, Georg. II. l. 496. In the same Georgic, line 550., there is a precept to plough the vineyard thrice a-year: this is not practised here. Every state has its peculiar way of dressing the vineyard: we have described exactly what we saw. It is probably a very ancient practice, though not the most productive.

high in the hedge-rows, to shelter the plants from the strong winds. Where the spaces between the rows of vines are sufficiently wide, corn is sown there; and, in level fields, plowing is preferred to any other mode of dressing the ground. But here the hoe is used for every kind of culture, and round the roots of the plants the earth is opened with a two-pronged instrument, called a bidente. Where there is not space for corn, beans, peas, tares, or lupines * are very commonly sown between the vines. A light soil is best for a vineyard; and the most favourable time for planting is the spring, because the earth having been prepared in autumn, has time to ripen in the winter frost. It is not, however, unusual to plant early in November, and put manure round the young plants. The ground being ready, the cuttings of the vine are placed between the teeth of an iron instrument, like a rod, with

* Lupines here are chiefly sown for the sake of manuring the land. When they are full grown, they are ploughed into the earth and there left to rot. On some occasions they are boiled and laid to the roots of orange and lemon trees, and even to those of olives and vines.

a short fork at the end. This is driven into the ground, like a dibble, deposits the young plant without farther trouble, and the vines begin to bear the second year. The wine of Poli is white, small, and pleasant, though rather hard. The vintage is later than that of Tivoli or the Campagna, owing to the height of the valley. The farmers boasted much to us of the gaiety of the wine season, and pressed us not to leave them till we should have seen it, assuring us we should have dancing and feasting for a whole month. But the labour of the vineyard is not over with the vintage; the autumn ploughing must be attended to, and the bare vine must be pruned and lopped.*

On the north side of the vale of Poli the hills are less luxuriantly fertile than those on the south. Large masses of white calcareous stone begin to appear, piercing

* It is apparent from the above statement how different the management of the vineyard is in Italy and France, where the vines are kept low, and the soil differently treated. Where the French culture has been tried, the Italian wines have always improved. But there is a prejudice against change.

through the tufo very early in the ascent, and shortly after the tufo disappears, and the limestone is sparingly covered with earth. Even there, however, the pasturage is good, and the oak and chesnut grow to an immense size. The nearest and least rocky of these hills were stripped of their native woods about six years ago, and olives planted in their stead. This tree, which appears to delight in the soil and climate of Italy, was not naturalized here till two centuries after the foundation of Rome *; but its usefulness, the little culture it requires, and the otherwise barren situations which it renders productive, quickly spread it over the western face of the Appenine. The suckers are removed

* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. ii., where he quotes Pliny for this fact: "The olive in the western "world followed the progress of peace, of which it was "considered as the symbol. Two centuries after the "foundation of Rome, both Italy and Africa were "strangers to that useful plant: it was naturalized in "those countries, and, at length, carried into the heart "of Spain and Gaul. The timid errors of the an-"cients, that it required a certain degree of heat, and "could only flourish in the neighbourhood of the "sea, were insensibly exploded by industry and ex-"perience."

from the parent tree at all seasons; but best in spring and autumn, when the grounds are plowed, and sometimes, if the trees be thinly scattered, sown with corn or lupines. Otherwise, the earth is merely loosened round the roots, and, in some cases, manure is then laid round * them. The young olive-plant bears at two years old; in six years it begins to repay the expence of cultivation, even if the ground is not otherwise cropped. After that period, in good years, the produce is the surest source of wealth to the farmer, and the tree rivals the oak in longevity; so that the common proverb here is, "If you "want to leave a lasting inheritance to "your children's children, plant an olive." There is an old olive-tree near Gerecomio, which last year yielded 240 English quarts of oil: yet its trunk is quite hollow, and its empty shell seems to have barely enough hold in the ground to secure it against the mountain-storms.

Of the more ordinary trees which prove

* This does not quite agree with Virgil, who says, Georg. ii. l. 587.,

"No dressing they require, and dread no wound."

a source of wealth to the Polese, the chief are their chesnuts and walnuts. The former produce smaller, yet sweeter chesnuts than those of Naples, where the trees are always kept like coppice-wood, to make them bear larger and more abundant fruit. The walnut-trees grow to a prodigious size, and the fruit may be reckoned of the second quality. The wood is very valuable, not being apt to splinter. When sold for gun-stocks, or furniture, a moderate-sized tree is worth about five crowns: a good beam, fit for the copper-mills at Tivoli*, is alone worth a crown; and, if there were water-carriage near, the value would be doubled. For these uses the wild service-tree, which here yields a very respectable fruit, is preferred especially for the mill-wright's purposes. The aspen is used for yokes, the elm and maple for ploughs, oak and maple for other agricultural instruments. Trays, bowls, and tubs are made of

* Virgil speaks of Tibur (*Tivoli*) as one of the five cities famous for forging arms. At this day it is the place where the pope's arms are manufactured, the villa of Mæcenas being filled with the iron-works. The French cast cannon there.

ilex or maple: cornel is toughest for handles of hoes, and for clubs. Chairs are sometimes made of hazle, and the spindle-tree furnishes shoemakers with their tools. Spenser's enumeration might be applied almost literally here.

' Much can they praise the trees so straight and hie,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypress funerall;

The Laurell, meede of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the bender's will,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill;
The Myrrhe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ashe for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER's *Faery Queene*, Canto i.

Nor can we forget what Virgil has written, in this very climate, on the same subject, in the second Georgic.

Heav'n their various plants for use designs:
For houses Cedars, and for shipping Pines;
Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of wains,
And all for keels of ships that scour the wat'ry plains;
Willows in twigs are fruitful, Elms in leaves,
The war from stubborn Myrtle shafts receives;

From Cornels jav'lins; and the tougher Yew
Receives the bending figure of the bow.
Nor Box nor Limes without their use are made,
Smooth-grained, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade.
Light Alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow Oaks their honey hide.

DRYDEN's *Virgil*, Georg. ii. l. 621.

The apple, the best native fruit of Italy, grows in perfection about the hills of Poli; the best are very ruddy and flat; the Ribeston, and the American Newtown pippins, are the only kinds we have ever seen comparable to them. Pears, though equal pains be taken with the planting and grafting, do not succeed so well. Cherries, especially the Morella, are in great abundance. The figs rival those of the Campagna. Plums in great variety, from the sloe to the great purple prune, grow in the hedge-rows of every vineyard; and, beneath their shade, the strawberry and bramble, with their white flowers and red and purple fruit, put one in mind of more northern climates. Peaches and apricots require more care than the Polese are willing to bestow on them; but we have seen both of good size and flavour. Al-

monds thrive very well, and all the kinds of small nuts. Medlars and services are wild.

The white mulberry, on whose cultivation some pains are bestowed, is not cherished for the fruit, but the leaves. The trees are planted by the sides of the little rivulets, and kept always as pollards, the twigs being allowed to grow for three years, that method producing the greatest quantity of leaves for the silk-worms, to which insects the women of Poli assign more than one-half of their house-room, from the time the grub leaves the egg in April till July, when the cocoons are fully spun. The greatest cleanliness is, of course, necessary in the feeding and attending to the silk-worms *; but still the smell they emit, and the heat which it is necessary to maintain for them, must make them unwholesome inmates. The Polese do not manufacture the silk, but carry the cocoons

* See the elegant modern Georgic, entitled Baco di Seta, by Zaccaria Betti, where the cultivation of the mulberry, the feeding of the worm, and the preparation of the silk are treated of at length; a little too mythologically, indeed: but most modern poems of the kind want the dignity, chiefly because they want the simplicity of Virgil.

to Palestrina or Tivoli to market. This year the mountain-silk was bad, in consequence of a week of unfavourable weather, just as the worms began to spin; and it only fetched thirty-seven pauls the decina, *i. e.* something under eighteen shillings for ten pounds troy weight. This sad news was told us, almost with tears, by a young girl, as she returned from Palestrina, whither she had been to sell her silk; for her mother had promised her a new skirt, and a silk boddice, from the profits of her worms. But, alas! this year, the cocoons will hardly buy an apron.

There is not much pasture-ground in the immediate territory of Poli, the land being too valuable; but the neighbouring hills feed immense flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of cattle. The horned cattle are of the fine grey kind, which the traveller in the south of Italy soon learns to consider as the most beautiful of their species. They are strong, and not so slow of foot as our northern oxen; but they give little milk. Hence the cows are only considered as nurses to the young draft cattle, and, during the summer, live with

them entirely in the mountains. The winter drives them down towards the Campagna, where they are fattened for the Roman market. One cow-herd takes charge of the cattle of several masters for the season, and receives about two crowns a month for a score of cattle; so that he often gains a considerable sum. For this, he stays out day and night with them, and attends them in their wanderings. If a single master hires a cow-herd for night and day, he pays six crowns, whether the herd be large or small.

The sheep here are handsome, and many of them of that kind, whose fleece only grows on the back and half the sides, which defect is made up by the superior quality of the wool. Black sheep are rather encouraged here for the wool: the clothing for the galley slaves, which is of a dark brown and white stripe, is partly wore without dyeing. The clothing, too, of the friars is of this undyed wool. A kind of hard, sourish cheese is made from their milk, and they are profitable for the market, as they fatten easily. The goats, however, are the most useful domestic animals. Here no other

cheese or milk is tasted, besides, the ricotta, a kind of curd, and junkets, are made of goats' milk, and, with bread, serve many of the country people entirely for food. The kids, too, are killed at six or eight weeks old; and very little other animal food, besides the flesh of goat and pork, is used by the common Polese. A shepherd, or goat-herd, is paid differently, according to the distance from his native village. Here the shepherds come from Capranica, and each receives daily about an English halfpenny, four pagnotti, and as much milk and curd as he pleases. But if the shepherd goes eight or nine miles from home for work, he expects a crown a month, besides food, which would be good wages in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the mountains behind Poli, a hardy race of horses is bred: they are mostly black, and very strong and light. We were amused at the way in which they are shod, when brought in from the hill. After the animals were thrown on their backs, which is done more clumsily here than elsewhere, by means of cords with strong nooses, which were dexterously slipped over their heads,

and round their legs, their feet were made fast to poles, and shod with such shoes and such tools as the blacksmith of the poorest country village in Britain would be ashamed to own.

All this mountain district is famous for the goodness of the hams and bacon it produces. The pigs, generally called animale neri, are like the wild hog of the country; black, long faced, and narrow shouldered. * They are scarcely ever put up to feed, but fatten naturally in the woods upon the nuts, mast, and roots they find. The hog is a much more dignified animal in Italy, than with us in the north; and indeed it appears from the Odyssey, that the swine-herd was no mean personage in an ancient Greek family: here he is on the same footing as a shepherd. We recollect a pastoral poem, by Michael Angelo, where the bringing in, and folding the herd of swine is the subject. The pig is certainly an intelligent animal, and easily becomes attached to his master: we have seen them

* It is indelicate to name a pig a porco; therefore he is called *animale nero*. But it is impious to name a thunder-bolt, therefore it is called a *porcheria!*

running along the high road at night, to meet the labourers returning from work, and caressing them as a dog would do. They are useful in a variety of ways, particularly in hunting for, and destroying the larvæ of locusts, when turned into an infected field, early in the morning. The sow, even when she has her young, is not confined to the sty, but is tethered in some shady place, where she can get at water, and graze at pleasure; and her food is assisted twice a day with milk, bran, and vegetables. This mode of treating the pig produces less fat pork and bacon indeed, than a Hampshire farmer would approve, but it gains greatly in flavour from its partially wild state. The favour it is in with the low Romans, may be best gathered from the whimsical "Praise of the Pig," (Lode del Porchetto,) by the abbate Veccei, who calls upon Apollo and all the Aonian choir, to assist him to praise the noble animal.

Such, with some difference of management, according to the varieties of the soil, are the natural riches and productions, as far as they are affected by cultivation of these hills of the ancient Æqui. The pe-

culiar advantages of Poli seem to be owing to the nature of the soil, formed by the decomposition of the tufo rocks.

The lands of Tivoli require more dressing, constant manure, and a rotation of crops less productive to the farmer. In some of the grounds there, artificial grasses, besides lucerne, are sown. The meadows immediately on the banks of the Anio, are not dressed, but are broken up at long intervals to clear the ground of some of the hurtful weeds and rushes which injure the grass. The corn and wine of San Gregorio, near Tivoli, are highly prized: the territory of Casapa *, adjoining to it, is nearly barren. The town lands of Palestrina, being of greater extent than any of these, contain all the varieties of fruitful and barren, some parts being so sandy, as to produce little or nothing, others so clayey, that they are dressed with sand.

Upon the whole, the peasantry of these mountains may be considered rich, although they have seldom much property in money. Their riches consist in the yearly pro-

* Ancient Casa Corbula.

duce of their labour, on which their happy climate permits them to depend with more certainty than in the northern parts of Europe. They have not the habit of laying up a store for the future, but the price of what is over and above of the produce of their ground, after the proportion to the superior proprietor is paid, is laid out in silver buckles and head ornaments, and coral beads, which are easily converted into money in times of pressure. This sort of easy poverty, above want, but below the state of luxury in which ambition begins to push men on to distinguish themselves, or to better their condition, produces great indifference as to public interest, and renders them acquiescent under any government, so long as they remain in peace, and can sit every man under his own vine and his own fig-tree. We saw them roused from this state of moral lethargy for a few days, when banditti hovered about their towns, threatening destruction to their property; and government refused them the protection to which they conceived the share they bear in the general taxes entitled them. They were then louder and more

free in their language concerning their governors, than most popular assemblies in Britain ever ventured to be. But the pressing danger passed, they relapsed into indifference; for their usual state is just good enough not to encourage a wish to change.

The profits derived from the chase in the hills are considerable. The thickets that extend from San Vetturino towards Poli and Palestrina, afford cover for great numbers of wild-boars, roe-deer, badgers, and porcupines. The hunting the wild-boar, which begins about the fall of the leaf, is a favourite diversion of the middle and lower classes, and if a boar is taken, it is a kind of rural triumph. When a hunt is to take place, from ten to thirty hunters assemble, and appoint a chief, experienced in the chase, and whose local knowledge enables him to guess at the probable track of the game. As many dogs as can be procured are collected, and three keepers are chosen to take care of them, and set them on the scent. There are, besides, generally a number of peasants armed with sticks, who go out to beat the thickets, and assist the dogs'

to find the game. As soon as a boar is discovered, notice is given to the huntsman, who immediately places the hunters in stations convenient for shooting the animal as it passes, after it is roused, as is practised in our northern deer-shooting. The experience of the huntsman should enable him to place five or six of the best marksmen at the principal passes by which the boar is likely to escape. The others are placed at convenient distances between. The keepers then divide the dogs, and advance from three different points towards the boar, encouraging the dogs with their voices; and if the cover is so thick and rough, that they hesitate, they fire a few shots, which seldom fails to inspire them with courage enough to go through, and rouse the game. Once raised from his lair, the boar becomes furious, frequently kills the dogs, and seldom fails to wound them. Overpowered by numbers, he is at length obliged to fly, and is generally shot in one of the passes where the marksmen are stationed. Should he pass the line unwounded, there is but little hope of taking him again. The practice of surrounding the lair of the boar with

nets, which appears, from the first ode of Horace *, to have been occasionally used by the ancients is never adopted by the modern hunters. Some figures engraved on the lid of a funeral vase found near Palestrina †, and whose date is at least two centuries before Christ, are engaged in a boar-hunt with dogs, and are armed with spears: there are also others hunting the stag, with a cloak over the left arm, which they appear to be throwing over the animal's head to blind him, while another hunter is preparing to give him a mortal wound. The head of the boar is now, as in ancient times, the prize of the successful hunter, who gives him his death-blow. ‡ As soon as he is killed, he is laid on a beast of burden, provided for the purpose, and carried home in triumph. As soon as the party come in sight of their town, they fire a volley, to let the inhabitants know of their success; young and old come out to meet them, and ac-

* Whether the boar, fierce foaming, foils
The chase, and breaks the circling toils.

† See the plate in the Museum Kirkerianum.

‡ See the statue of Meleager in the Vatican, and the well known story of Atalanta.

company them to the market-place, where another volley is fired, and the game is carried to the huntsman's house, where the feet being cut off, as the perquisite of the master of the beast, which has brought it in, the rest is portioned out into as many shares as there were hunters; and, to prevent jealousies, they draw lots for them.

The chase of the roe-deer, called here the wild goat, is conducted in the same manner, but without so many hunters, three or four being sufficient; and the only prize of the victor is the skin, with which he covers saddles, and makes holsters. Even the hare and the fox are way-laid in the same manner when started by the dogs. The latter animal is eaten by the shepherds, after being steeped four-and-twenty hours in water, and stewed in wine, with herbs.

The badger is hunted here, not only for his flesh, and for the hams, which are considered very delicate, but for his fur, which is looked upon as a powerful charm against the bad effects of an evil eye. Young men often wear a bit of the skin in their hats as an ornament; women, especially when married, wear a piece under their boddice,

to preserve themselves and their offspring from witchcraft, to which it is still believed that the people of the Marsian hills, that is the district near the lake of Fucino, are addicted. * No horse would be considered safe if the badger-fur did not ornament his bridle; and the very mules and asses are generally provided with the same powerful charm; which, however, does not supersede the necessity of receiving the annual blessing of Saint Anthony. — No dog in this country will attack the wolves which infest the mountains here, and which are as large as mastiffs. They make great havoc in the hill sheepfolds during the summer, and after these are moved to the plain, they attack the calves, and even the young oxen and horses, which are left out in the high pastures much longer, and if the weather be mild, the whole winter. But there is only one instance within the memory of the oldest person here, of a man being

* But soon the wretch my wrath shall prove
By spells unwonted taught to love;
Nor shall e'en Marsian charms have pow'r
Thy peace, O Varus, to restore.
FRANCIS'S *Horace*, Epode V.

Virgil also mentions the enchantments of the Marsii.

killed by them; and that was a pedlar in crossing Monte Genaro, whose death, though ascribed to a wolf, was suspected to have been wrought by a fellow thief, the words thief and pedlar being almost synonymous here. The poet therefore has not so much reason to pride himself on his not being attacked by the wolf he met while walking unarmed and alone near his Sabine villa, as a proof of his virtue. *

There are no pheasants here, though they abound near Naples; nor is the capercailzie found so near the plain, but it is plentiful in the heart of the Appenines. The shooting of partridges, both red and grey, begins in September. Quails come into season in August, and even July. Plovers become plentiful about October; and in the same month larks begins to flock to the antique aqueducts, and other ruined buildings in the neighbourhood, when they are taken with nets, in millions, by the country people. They were anciently considered sacred, as they destroy the eggs of locusts and other hurtful insects. Every

* See Horace's beautiful Ode, book i. ode xxii.

bird is used for the table here. The nightingale, blackbird, and thrush, are eaten without remorse, and even the hawk and the owl are not despised. There are no wild water-fowl nearer than the Gabine lake, but there they are in great abundance.

The mountain-streams furnish but few fish. But the neighbouring Anio abounds with a variety, especially below the cascade of Tivoli. Besides the trout and barbel, which are also caught above the fall, there are gudgeons, pike, eels, lamprey, and a small fish like the smelt. A few sportsmen fish with a rod, but a hand-net is generally used; and there is a contrivance for taking and keeping some of the kinds, not unlike the eel-baskets of the Thames.

CHAP. III.

Poetic scenes encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly murmurs flows. ADDISON.

VISIT TO ST. ANGELO. — ANCIENT AQUEDUCT, AND TRADITION CONCERNING IT. — VISIT TO GUADAGNOLA. — BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND MORNING VIEW OF ROME. — WELLS OF GUADAGNOLA. — COSTUME OF THE WOMEN. — SINGULAR LITTLE TOWN. — VIEW FROM THENCE. — COUNTRY OF THE BANDITTI. — VALE OF THE ANIO. — SUBIACO. — COSIMATO. — LICENZA, OR DIGENTIA. — TIVOLI. — SORACTE. — ALBUNEA, OR THE SOLFATARA OF TIVOLI. — VOLCANOES OF THE CAMPAGNA. — STORY OF BANDITTI. — MENTORELLA AND ITS LEGEND. — RETURN TO POLI.

As we purposed to see every thing that appeared remarkable in our neighbourhood while at Poli, we determined to take every opportunity afforded by the weather of climbing the surrounding mountains. The first that attracted our attention was that of Saint Angelo, crowned with pretty ex-

tensive ruins, and accordingly we visited it one cool evening. It is full three miles of steep and difficult ascent from Poli. The first half mile brought us to the brink of what might be taken for the crater of an extinguished volcano, especially if we could admit the justness of Humboldt's observation, that wherever the chesnut-tree flourishes, and arrives at a large size, it is a sure indication that the soil is chiefly if not entirely formed of volcanic matter, for the chesnut trees here are remarkably large. But the limestone-rocks that every where pierce through the tufo, would rather lead us to imagine that this little natural amphitheatre had been the bed of an exhausted lake. Its form is oval, and every where surrounded by rocks, excepting where a little rivulet, which springs from the road-side, steals its way out to join the other streams below Poli, which, being united under the name of Acqua Nera, join the Anio beyond the villa of Hadrian.

After we had left the olive and chesnut groves, the earth appeared only partially to cover the rocks; but there was corn in every crevice, till the hill became too steep

for cultivation: there the pasturage was luxuriant; and we found a herd of the large grey cattle enjoying themselves under the walls of the ruined town. As we were going along, one of our mules had nearly put his leg into a hole which our guide told us was once part of one of the aqueducts of the Re Negrone. In fact, we saw that it belonged to a line of subterraneous masonry, and probably communicated with the aqueducts of the Aqua Claudia, which are in this neighbourhood; the guide farther assured us, that the breaking up and destruction of these great works, which might otherwise have lasted for ever, was a just punishment for the impiety of Nero, in saying,

> Piaccia o non piaccia a Iddio
> Acqua voglio per l'anfiteatro mio;

and having accordingly conducted the water to Rome for his Naumachia.

We found, on reaching Saint Angelo, that the ruins owe all the picturesque beauty we had admired from below to their distance and situation. The walls of the fortress that once crowned the hill, part of the dome

of its little church, a covered gallery of the castle, and part of the chapel of a small convent where fragments of fresco painting retain their vivid colours in despite of the weather, are all the remains of a town that in the last century contained 800 inhabitants. It was battered down by cannon placed on a neighbouring hill, as a punishment for disobedience to the Holy See, and for having opened its gates to certain banditti and robbers. The well-disposed inhabitants were permitted to remove to the neighbouring towns, but many of them perished under the ruins of their houses. The only human being we found there was the boy employed to herd the cattle of the hill.

The view from Saint Angelo is magnificent. The Campagna, the eternal city, and the sea, lay before us, and the Appenines with their woods and rocks behind. Yet fine as the scene is, there is a loneness, an air of abandonment about it that spreads a melancholy over even the finest objects in nature, with which the ruins on which we stood agreed but too well. Alas! for the people whose go-

vernment must have recourse to the extirpation of the inhabitants of a whole town, in order to get the better of a band of robbers.

Our next excursion was to the mountain of Guadagnola, which on many accounts is the most remarkable of those that extend from the Anio at Tivoli, to the Liris, or Garigliano. It is not only the highest, but is singular, from containing, within a kind of rocky basin on its summit, a little town, whose inhabitants are passionately attached to it, notwithstanding almost every kind of inconvenience, particularly that of having no water within two miles. Anxious to see this curious little place, we set off one morning in the middle of July, a little before day-break, to climb the mountain. When we had ascended about a mile, the sun, gradually rising from behind the mountains, began to gild the distant part of the Campagna, and the sea, on which a few white sails just discernible marked still more the glittering freshness of an Italian morning, reminding us of its happy effect in Guido's Aurora; and while the rest of the plain remained in cold shadow, deepened by the

mists from the Gabine lake, and the Anio, the city and its long lines of buildings, were lit up into peculiar brilliancy by the morning sun. At that distance, its ruins disappear: nothing is distinctly seen but the façade of Saint John's Latran, which at that early hour is even more conspicuous than Saint Peter's. A less magnificent city would have acquired beauty from the breadth of the effect; as it was, the fabulous extent of old Rome seemed spread before us, and we could not avoid the natural reference to Milton's description:

> The city which thou see'st no other deem
> Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
> So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
> Of nations.*

A thicket through which the mountain-path winds, soon concealed this splendid prospect from our view. Just at its entrance, there is a little chapel to the Virgin; and as our guide pulled off his hat, in sign of reverence as he passed, we little thought it was soon to become the rendezvous of a band of robbers. When we had

* Paradise Regained, b. iv.

emerged from the wood, instead of the stubble-fields we had left behind, we found the corn quite green, and in some fields scarcely in ear. The hay was getting in; and the manner of stacking it put us in mind of Scotland. On a height before us, we saw two pretty large barns, which we were told were the stables for the cattle of Guadagnola, two miles from the town, to which they cannot climb, on account of the steepness of the rock. Just under these stables there are three arches, partly built in the side of the hill, to protect the sources of a little stream, the only one so near the town, and on which the inhabitants depend entirely for their supply of water. It was the time of day when the women come down to fill their vessels at the spring. Some had asses which each carried two little barrels, containing together ten or twelve gallons, others carried their provision on their heads. The costume differs from that of Poli, inasmuch as a long thick cloth is so placed on the head as to defend the neck and shoulders completely from the wind. The women seemed very poor, and we thought them the ugliest we had seen in Italy.

C.L.E. del.t

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, 1816.

I. Clark sculp.

After winding up a very steep ascent, we found ourselves under the rock which forms the summit of the mountain. No signs of houses appeared, although the inhabitants came from it, and we heard voices within; and it was not until we reached the only entrance to this natural fortress, that we perceived, that the rock itself is like a nest, within which the houses are built so close to each other, as barely to allow an ass or a mule to pass along even the principal street. There are about fifty houses, and a small church, built of such materials as the mountain affords, chiefly covered with shingle, on the top of which great stones are laid, to prevent the winds from carrying away the roofs. There are about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, whose chief riches consist in their pigs and poultry, and most of whom seek their summer-employment in the unwholesome fields of the Campagna. Their territory is very poor; and being exposed to every storm, their wheat often fails, nor does other grain make up for its loss. The vine is a stranger to their territory; but of wild apples from the woods of Mentorella a sour

cider is made, which they mingle with real wine, and call it apple-wine.

When we arrived at Guadagnola, though at this season the heat of the country below is almost insufferable, we were very glad to find an excellent fire in the curate's house, whose hospitable reception we cannot easily forget.

We had expected an extensive view from the top of this rock, but were by no means prepared for the immense prospect that surrounded us, extending north and south from Radicofani, to Monte Circeo, (Circe's island,) and the mountains beyond the Liris; and east and west from the high peak of the Appenines called the Scoglia d'Italia, seen from the Adriatic, and supposed to be the highest point in Italy, to Ostia, and over a portion of the Mediterranean. Though we were pretty well acquainted with the topography of the surrounding country, we were glad to listen to the local information of the curate, who, after naming several of the many towns in the valley of the Anio, each governed by its Roman magistrates, pointed with rather a fearful expression towards the hills behind

Anticola, and to the plain through which the Sacco runs, to join the Garigliano below Frosinone, as the country of the Brigands. It did indeed seem a fit haunt for banditti; high mountains and deep valleys covered with thick woods to render concealment easy, and pursuit difficult, if not impossible. These retreats have from the earliest times sheltered lawless men; Spartacus for a time occupied them. The warrior-thieves of the middle ages inhabited them; and thence it was that the famous robber Marco Sciarra descended to plunder some rich travellers assembled at Mola di Gaeta, when the respect of the robber for Torquato Tasso, who was accidentally within the walls, induced him to retire and suffer the whole company to proceed unmolested, the poet having refused his personal safety, which the brigand had offered to secure, unless his companions were also allowed to go free. The mountain on which we stood affords the same facilities to the robbers, and accordingly they pay it an annual visit, about harvest-time, and make descents from these heights upon Tivoli, Palestrina, Poli, and the smaller towns.

From this commanding situation they easily discover and elude their pursuers; and while the citizens of Rome are in a manner imprisoned by their fears, and dare hardly visit the Campagna, least they should encounter a foe in every hollow, so marvellously does the daring activity of the marauders seem to multiply them, a band of twelve or thirteen may be sitting on the hill looking down in silent security on the city, which is issuing edicts, and sending forth soldiers against them.

If the government of Rome, with the assistance of its dependant towns, and a body of nine thousand trained and disciplined soldiers, find it so difficult to put down a band of robbers, how must we admire the courage and conduct of the kings of Rome, who with a village for a kingdom, and a handful of adventurers for an army, waged successful war against the whole of the inhabitants of these very mountains!

It is perhaps worthy of remark, that the nations of the hills, so difficult of access, the Sabines, the Æqui, and the Albans were among the first conquests of infant

Rome, while the cities of the plain long maintained their independence. The conqueror of Corioli bore its name afterwards, as a trophy of the extraordinary service he had rendered the republic; and at a late period the arms and treasures of Rome, and the conduct of Camillus, were employed for ten years before the walls of Veii, whose fall was, after all, atributed to the intercession of the gods. The facts connected with the taking of Veii will perhaps assist in explaining what may appear marvellous in this part of the Roman history.

The Roman kings were most of them from distant cities, where arts were practised and sciences studied, which, while they gave them a great superiority over the barbarous mountaineers, only brought them near the level of the cities of the plain. Veii in particular belonged to the polished Etruscans, and was fortified with skill. The turbulent times of the infant republic were not favourable to the advancement of science. And the crafty soothsayers, who told the Romans that Veii could not be taken till the superfluous waters of the Alban lake should be drained off, only

taught them thereby the art of mining, which was no sooner known than applied to their warlike purposes; and Veii was entered by a mine, whose issue was in the public market-place.

One of the nearest and most interesting objects in the view from Guadagnola, is the course of the Anio, which rises a few miles beyond Anticola. Naturalists have imagined that the secret sources both of this river and of the Garigliano (Liris) are in the lake of Fucino (Celanus), and consequently look upon them as the natural emissaries which should drain it of its superfluous waters.

The lake is observed to rise and fall periodically. Of late years it has gained upon the surrounding land, and a scheme is in contemplation for repairing and improving the vast Claudian emissary *, to remedy this inconvenience, and throw

* The accounts given by Tacitus and Suetonius of the magnificent shows at the opening of the Claudian emissary are curious; describing machinery and hydraulic tricks of every kind. Something defective in the level of the emissary, however, rendered it useless after a few years, while the more modest channels of the lakes of Albano and Nemi have suffered but little.

the superfluous water into the channel of the Liris, and thus to redeem the rich land on which it has been encroaching.

The first town on the Anio is Subiaco (Sublaqueum), whose smoke we saw rising from its thick woods below us. It derived its ancient name from a lake in the hill above, which adorned the gardens of Nero's superb villa. The fountains which supplied the four principal aqueducts of ancient Rome are within a very few miles of Subiaco, near the banks of the river. The exact spot where the waters of the aqueduct, called that of the Anio Vecchio, were taken from the river is not ascertained. The aqueduct of the Anio Novo began just above the town, and was at first supplied from the river, but the water continuing impure, even after the digging large reservoirs where it was supposed it would deposit the earthy particles it contained, and adding to it the fountain of the temple of Hercules, the Emperor Trajan led the aqueduct to the lake, which being of great depth, furnished the water pure. Besides this lake, there is little remaining of the villa, and that little is no way remarkable.

Following the course of the river, the little village of Austa (Agusta) stands on an eminence, whence the supplementary springs of the Aquæ Claudia and Martia burst out, and forming a little rill run into the river a very short distance above two larger ones, flowing from the real sources which supplied those two aqueducts. From the high station we were on, we could trace the woody dells, formed by these and other rivulets; but the little towns, such as La Prugna, Rio freddo, &c. which people them, were only marked by some convent cross, or a column of white smoke. A rising ground concealed the celebrated monastery of San Cosimato from our view, and also prevented our seeing the ruined arches of the aqueducts which cross the river close by the bridge at that place, and formerly led the waters to the subterraneous channel under the monastery, which is still visited with admiration for its beauty by the curious traveller, and by the architect for the skill of its construction, and the beauty and durability of the stucco with which it is lined.

Beyond Cosimato we were shown the village of Licenza (Digentia), the scite of

Horace's villa, and where the rivulet Digentia rises from its two sources, one of which is supposed to be the fountain Bandusia at the foot of Mount Lucretilis. This hill, with Monte Genaro, lay in a straight line between us and Cures, which, although it was one of the allies of Turnus, against Æneas, had in after times a double claim to the respect of the Romans, as the birth-place of Numa, and the native town of the Claudian race. * A little lower than the summit of Lucretilis, the Rocca Giovine attracted our attention. There the ancient Sabines had their fane to the goddess Vacunæ, the deity of silence, and also of unity, whose worship Numa introduced into Rome, adopting the name of Vesta; indeed, the Sabine goddess was in attributes and powers the same as the latter divinity, whose rites, imported probably from Greece, had been long established among the Albans, the progenitors of Rome. Monfaucon and others have considered Vacuna as synonymous with the Roman victory; and in fact Trajan, repairing one of her fanes, dedicated it anew to Victory. Some critics accounted

* Dryden's Virgil, Æn. b. vii. l. 975.

Vacuna the deity of idleness, or rather leisure, and as such Dacier, in his critique on the 11th Epistle of Horace, considers her.* He, however, seems to have overlooked this fane, for he speaks only of one near the source of the Nar, which he thinks Horace might have seen from the back of his villa, though at 60 miles' distance; but as the poet dates that beautiful epistle from behind the ruined temple of Vacuna, it appears more natural that it should be this, near as it is to his villa.

The course of the Anio, along whose banks the ancient Valerian way was conducted, is only visible here and there as it winds among the woods. The hills on either side shut out the view of the town of Tivoli, and its cascades; but the towers and spires of the middle ages are seen between Monte Catillo, and Monte Affliano on one side, and the heights of San Gregorio on the other. At the cascade of Tivoli, the Anio loses its name, and takes that of Teverone, which it keeps until it falls into

* Francis follows Dacier in his translation; for he says in the concluding couplet,

> This near the shrine of idleness I penned
> Sincerely blest, but that I want my friend.

the Tiber below the Ponte Salara. The near towns of Siciliano, Castel Madonia, San Gregorio, &c. lie so close to the foot of the mountain that we could only see the tops of the highest buildings and the cypresses of their gardens. From these the eye wanders over the wide extent of the Campagna, and at first hardly recognizes in the diminished objects the hills and mountains that give interest and dignity to the distance when seen from a lower point. The hills of Radicofani and Viterbo form a back-ground to the plain, where Soracte, with the remnant of the wood that once belonged to the temple of the goddess Ferronia, stands quite insulated, and disappoints the eye, which expects a higher mountain in the snow-clad Soracte. In truth, it can but seldom be covered with snow; and the poet has only marked the severity of a particular winter, not the general aspect of the hill, when he says,

> Behold Soracte's airy height,
> See how it stands a heap of snow! *

Nearer to us, the Tiber was here and there visible, separating Etruria from

* Francis's Horace, b. i. ode 9.

Latium; and beyond it, the cone of Soracte, the circular lake of Bracciano, and the hill of Baccano, reminded us of the Cuman Phlegræan fields; and the streams and pools of sulphureous taste and smell which abound on each side of the river are still less questionable indications of the volcanic substructure (if one may so speak) of the Campagna from Radicofani to Veletri. Of these streams the Albunea or Albula *, which runs into the Teverone, is most remarkable. Its sulphury appearance, its disgusting taste and smell, and the singular deposit it leaves in its bed, and on its banks, where it forms the travertine marble, have suggested to Dante his description of Phlegethon in the 14th canto of the Inferno:

> Lo fondo suo ed ambo le pendici
> Fatt' eran pietra ed i margini dallato.

But the red colour of the infernal stream is here a bluish white. The lakes whence the Albunea flows, are of extraordinary depth but small circumference, and in summer are mostly overgrown with weeds.

* The Tiber itself was anciently called Albula, but changed its name to Tiber after the tyrant Tibris or Tiburnus was drowned in it. See both Livy and Virgil.

A fattish scum, which rises to the top and hardens near the edges, becomes thick enough to bear the seeds of various plants to shoot and grow there: these often increase by the decay of the first vegetables, and the growth of new, to a considerable thickness, and remain attached to the margin of the lake, till a violent wind, or other accidental cause, breaks them off, when they appear like floating islands, and are among the wonders travellers go to see at the Solfatara of Tivoli.

Notwithstanding all the indications of ancient volcanoes that are every where to be traced in the Campagna, and the prodigies related by ancient writers, even Gibbon, enumerating the causes of the destruction of the city of Rome, says, that "The "seven hills of Rome do not appear to be "placed on the great cavities of the globe," and hence concludes that little mischief could have been done by earthquakes. But these convulsions of nature are still frequent enough in Rome and its neighbourhood to excite little or no attention among the people. We were awoke by one in the month of March, which would have been talked of in England, yet did not even make a para-

graph in the Diario Romano. The temple of Minerva Medica, and the Coliseum, besides many other edifices, suffered very much a few years since from the same cause; and the letter of Pope Gregory the Great, mentioning the wretchedness of Rome, and particularly bewailing the earthquake which lasted for seventeen days, and destroyed a number of the strongest buildings, shows that in ancient times these were more frequent and more terrible. * In the 8th Æneis, when Evander conducts his guests to the Tarpeian rock, he assures him that an awful terror possessed the place, and that some unknown god inhabited there. The shepherds thought it Jove, and had often seen him lighten, and shoot his thunderbolts from thence. The king then points to the

* This Pontiff is accused of barbarism and bigotry, because he ordered the works of Livy to be burned. Perhaps, when we consider the state of Europe in his reign, ignorant, credulous, and superstitious, we may be inclined to accept his own apology, and to believe that it was not the paganism of the author he attacked, but the marvels he related. Now, however, when the progress of science may explain most of the prodigies, the showers of stones, and other marvels, are admitted into the circle of natural phenomena; and Livy among the ancients, like Bruce among the moderns, will be more and more believed and respected, as the ground he travels becomes better known.

ruined cities of Saturnia and Janiculum, as if their fall were connected with the terrors of the place. * An attentive examination of the situation of the seven hills, and the historical traditions concerning them, would lead us to believe that the capitol and Palatine formed the crater of a volcano, which emitted flames once, at least, even after the foundation of the city, when Curtius leaped into the gulf; and the circular disposition of the other hills round these two, give additional probability to the idea. The cave of Cacus under Mount Aventine is looked upon as volcanic. † Real black lava

* Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe,
Who shook his shield and dealt his bolts around,
And scattered tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins (once they stood),
Two stately towns on either side the flood,
Saturnias and Janiculum's remains. *Æneis* viii.

† The monster, Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold impervious to the sun possessed:
Vulcan, this plague begot, and like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of liquid fire.

Virgil's whole description of the cave, of its being opened by Hercules, and the scene presented, are all applicable to a volcano; and the parentage of Cacus himself is a farther proof of the tradition from which the poet composed his fiction.

has always been quarried for the pavement of the roads near the monument of Cecilia Metella; and the rocks round Rome abound in all the volcanic substances. It is true, there is reason to believe that the sea has covered the Campagna up to the foot of the mountains; but at what period it retired, whether long before the extinction of the greater number of the volcanoes, whose situations are still to be traced, or at the same time must for ever remain matter of conjecture. The craters of the high Alban hill, however, have less doubtful evidence of their existence after the building of the adjacent cities. Livy relates the remarkable shower of stones that fell among the Alban hills, accompanied by a loud noise, which the soothsayers taking upon themselves to explain, established the nine days' festival, annually celebrated by all the people of Latium: other showers of stones occurred at different periods. The funeral vases found buried under a bed of volcanic tufo, between Marino and Castel Gandolfo, are an incontestible proof, that such showers of stones and sand must have fallen, and that too when the country was peopled and civilized; for among other things contained

in the urns were the implements of writing. *

A noise like that above mentioned was heard in the hills of Aricia at the close of the battle, where Aruns, the son of Porsenna, was killed. But the sudden rise of the waters of the Alban lake on two memorable occasions is the least doubtful fact connected with the antique volcano, whose crater it is. The inundation which occurred during the siege of Veii had long been preceded by one which swallowed up the royal palace of Alba, and which was so sudden, that neither the king nor his family had time to escape.

The lake of Gabii, as we had occasion to remark, in our journey from Rome to Poli, is also the extinguished crater of a volcano. So is that of Anagni concealed from us by the conical hill of Palestrina, which is directly between it and Guadagnola. The lava from Anagni has flowed in a direction towards Marino, and is visible on the roadside. Among the leaders of the forces of Turnus was the founder of Palestrina, found in the fire, and reported the son of Vulcan.

* See Visconti's letter on the subject, published 1817.

When he first assembled the neighbouring shepherds, and persuaded them to make him their king, ancient writers say, that some were bold enough to laugh at his pretended divine origin; upon which he called on his father, who appeared behind him in flames, and terrors, and frightened the shepherds into obedience. Was he an artful adventurer, who took advantage of the phenomena of a volcano, or was he only the son of a foreign smith, whose art in those rude times, and among those simple people must have appeared marvellous? To have looked down on the Campagna from the summit of Mount Albano while its *ten volcanoes were in action, probably most of them surrounded by the sea, must have been even a more magnificent spectacle than the Eolean islands from Ætna. Yet, probably, they were not in action at once, but like Lipari or Strombolo, were the occasional funnels of the great furnace, which burned most fiercely under the mother moun-

* Ten is the number of burning mountains the ingenious Sickler has pointed out in the country round Rome; a country as surely of igneous origin as the phlegræan fields of Naples. See p. 13. of the description of the Map of the Campagna.

tain. It is pretty certain that the bald limestone rock, whence we were surveying this singular country, has never been a volcano, nor externally affected by fire, though lavas are visible at its foot, and volcanic tufos rest against its sides.

But, however tremendous the Alban mountains may have been, when clothed with lavas and scoriæ, and throwing forth smoke and flames, nothing can exceed their present beauty, shrowded in woods and adorned by the white towns and villas which rise upon their rocky projections. We plainly distinguished the elevated plain, called Hannibal's camp, between Frascati (Tusculum) and Mount Algidus, where Diana, the favourite deity of the country, had her temple. Between Algidus and the hill of Palestrina (Preneste) the long narrow plain of the Hernici opened to us the view of Monte Circeo and the sea, only interrupted by Monte Fortino, one of the strong places of the banditti, and the northern point of the Volscian hills; and behind the heights of Preneste, those of Caprañica and Olevano brought us round to Anticoli and the sources of the Anio.

The curate, in shewing us Olevano, gave us some further particulars than we had yet learned concerning a visit paid by the brigands to a casale, near that town, just before we came to Poli. The proprietor of the casale, who, unlike most of the masters of farms here, had fitted it up and used it as a summer residence, had imprisoned his shepherd for six months, as the man thought, upon wrong grounds. Revenge, as Lord Bacon observes, is a species of wild justice; and the shepherd, not knowing how to obtain justice in a civilized form, sought her wild sister by applying to the brigands of Sonnino, who willingly undertook the punishment of the master. Guided by the shepherd, who did not show himself, they reached the casale in the evening, and knocking at the door, asked for the master by name. It happened that he himself went to the door, and guessing at the intentions of the banditti, partly by their appearance, he said, the master would be with them directly, and went as if to call him, but instead of returning he made his escape by a back window. At length, tired of waiting, the brigands entered the house, where not

finding the person they sought, they seized his friend, an unfortunate German painter, who was then on a visit to him, with two others, who made their escape, and carried him off with them to some of their haunts in the neighbouring mountains. There they detained him several days, and would only believe his account of himself on condition of his painting or drawing a likeness of some of them. This, under a very rational fear for his life, he contrived to do to their satisfaction. However, they did not release him instantly, but led him out several times as if for execution, asking him, whether he thought a stab upwards or downwards to the heart, would cause death most instantaneously, and pretending to be about to give him his death-blow; then, sending him back to his cave, saying, they had not time for his execution that day, so would put it off to the next. At length they dismissed him unhurt and without ransom, having at first robbed him of fifty scudi: the scudo is equivalent to the Spanish dollar.

This wanton trifling with the feelings seemed to us much more atrocious than sudden murder, and, to a timid person

might have been equally fatal. Happily, the stout-hearted German escaped without farther injury than the loss of his crowns, and a few days' time.

Having satisfied ourselves with the marvels of the view around us, and breakfasted upon the only provisions Guadagnola afforded, eggs and bacon, assisted by the meagre wine of the curate's cellar, and bread and chocolate which we had brought with us, we left the little town, and proceeded, by what seemed at first a perilous path, towards Santa Maria della Mentorella, formerly a well-inhabited monastery, though now a hermitage, situated on a bold rock, which projects from the side of Guadagnola, and overhangs the vale of the Anio. The steep and rocky path is marked, at five or six points, by little chapels to the Virgin, which are now mostly ruined. Near the Mentorella we saw large trees rooted in the crevices of the rock, and the corn-fields seemed to promise a tolerable harvest; but still neither rill nor stream appeared, and the hermitage itself is supplied from reservoirs, said to be as ancient as the reign of Constantine, when the church was founded.

The original hermitage, which sanctified the place, occupied the summit of the rock, and was afterwards converted into a chapel to Saint Eustachius, who first inhabited it. The monastery and church were built on a little flat lower down; but the monks are now dispersed, and two hermits are all that remain of the pious fraternity, to open the gates, and show the antiquities of the place to the devout peasants who go thither in pilgrimage, or to curious travellers, should any ever visit the place. We were the first English that had ever been seen in these mountains, but were treated as kindly as old friends could have been.

Nothing can be finer than the situation of Mentorella. The broad church and monastery occupying the only flat spot, the bright green woods clothing the steep white rock, and the chapel of Saint Eustachius, with the deers' antlers, surmounted by the cross as his ensign, shooting boldly up into the sky; while the many-peaked Appenines, sketched, as it seemed, immeasurably on each side, make altogether a picture singular in its kind, and full of interest. The first things to which our at-

tention was called were the tombs and inscriptions belonging to the Conti family. Then we were shown the square slab which marks where the ashes of the Jesuit Kircher are deposited; and, lastly, a very ancient wooden bas relief, in which, by a strange confusion of dates, Constantine, Saint Silvester, and Saint Eustachius with his stag, are all brought together. The little chapel above is painted within with the miracles and actions of the Saint whose legend was devoutly related to us.

Under the name of Placidius, Eustachius was a noble soldier in the armies of Vespasian and Titus, with whom he was present at the siege of Jerusalem. After the war Placidius retired to Rome, where, with his wife and two sons, he lived in great splendour. One day as he was hunting in the Campagna, the stag having led him as far as Mentorella, suddenly stopped and looked round upon him, when he perceived a crucifix between its horns, and heard a voice exhorting him to become a Christian, and to return to that spot so soon as he should be baptized. On going home he found that his wife had had a dream to the same effect, and they were accordingly baptized,

together with their children, Placidius taking the name of Eustachius, his wife that of Theophista, and their sons those of Agapetus and Theophistus. Eustachius did not fail to return to Mentorella, where the Saviour appeared to him, and predicted the loss of all his worldly goods, nay, even that of his wife and children. The saintly family rejoiced in the sufferings they were to encounter for their new faith; and it was not long before their constancy was put to the proof. Their property was all lost, and, in a state of penury, they resolved to abandon Rome, and embarked at Ostia for the coast of Africa. The captain of the vessel set Eustachius and his sons a-shore, and carried off Theophista as a slave. After his death she entered into the service of a worthy family, where she never ceased to regret her lost husband and children. Meantime, Eustachius and his children having reached the bank of a river which they had to cross, in search of food and shelter, the father swam over with one first, and, as he was returning to fetch the other, a lion on one bank, and a wolf on the other, carried them both off, and Eu-

stachius, in despair, hired himself as farm-servant to a man at Badissa, a little village in Africa, where he hardly earned a subsistence. Fourteen years passed in this miserable way, when the Emperor Trajan mounted the throne; and, having in his youth admired the conduct of Eustachius, or rather Placidius, in war, offered a reward to whoever should discover him. This mode of finding out the ancient soldier was quickly successful; and Eustachius was raised to the command of the Imperial forces. Among the soldiers more immediately attached to him, he early distinguished two unknown youths for their virtue and bravery. It is needless to say they proved to be his own sons, and that, soon after, Theophista joined her once more flourishing family. But their reunion was only a prelude to fresh persecutions. The death of Trajan and the accession of Hadrian blotted out the remembrance of the military services of the father; and the whole family having refused to do homage to the false gods of the Emperor, they were enclosed in a brazen bull, like that of Phalaris, and suffered

martyrdom together on the 20th of September, 120.

This legend the hermits have confounded with that of Eustathius, an eastern bishop, whose persecution of the Arians gained the favour of Constantine. But both together have hardly been able to stand against the doubts of certain critics and historians, who put the priest of Saint Eustachius, one of the largest parishes in Paris, in hourly fear of losing his stipend, together with the reputation of his patron. However, the inconveniences of alterations in the names and offices of well-endowed saints were found so great, that the question of the right of the family of Placidius to a high place in the hierarchy was adjourned indefinitely, and they remain, as before, under Saint Denis, guardians of Paris, possessors of a handsome church and some lands in Rome, and patrons of the rock of Mentorella.

Having walked all over the convent and church, we were shown one of the miraculous wooden statues, which, in the third and fourth ages of Christianity, were supposed to have fallen from Heaven, that the faithful

might not be deceived in the likenesses of the sacred objects of their worship. The cave in which this was found is a natural cleft in the rock, close by one which has always served as the charnel-house of the monastery. There is a little altar-table in the middle, and such rude benches and shelves scooped out in the sides as might have served a primitive hermit. The present hermits, however, live in some handsome apartments that belonged to the monastery. We laid out our dinner in the ancient kitchen, where we saw abundance of plates, dishes, and cooking utensils, and a pile of good matrasses, in a corner, kept there to accommodate the missionaries in their journeyings through these wild districts. A party of German painters had left their names and caricature likenesses on the walls, as a memorial of their visit to La Mentorella.

We left the monastery early in the day, and, instead of returning by Guadagnola, we wound round its walls of rock by a large heap of stones, not unlike a Scottish cairn. This, we were told, covered the body of one who had committed sacrilege.

He had been detected in stealing the plate of the church, and fled. The people pursued him out of the town with sticks and stones, and murdered him on the spot, where they instantly buried him under this cairn.

We found the descent from Guadagnola less pleasant than our journey up to it. The sun beat strongly upon us, and the rugged road where the mules had climbed in the morning, induced them to leap down the steep places now and then, which made it difficult to keep our seats. Nevertheless, the beauty of the scenery made up for the roughness of the way; and when we again came to the spot whence Rome had been seen in all her morning glory, the evening splendour recalled to our minds, impressed with the scenes we had beheld and the stories we had heard, the robber Moor's beautiful description of the distant city, and the parting sun. *

* See Schiller's Robbers.

CHAP. IV.

See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave Imperial Rome. THOMSON'S *Liberty*.

VISIT TO THE AQUEDUCTS.—ARCHES ACROSS THE RAVINE OF SAN GIOVANNI IN CAMPORAZIO.—DESCRIPTION OF THE RAVINE.—PONTE LUPO.—ARCHES OF THE MILLS, OR ARCI DI NERONE.—ANCIENT SASSULA.—PONTE SANT ANTONIO.—CONNECTION OF THESE ARCHES, HEIGHT, AND USE.

HAVING rested a few days after our fatiguing expedition to the mountain, we determined on going to the most remarkable of the ravines, or fosses, as they are called here, formed by the mountain torrents, and across which the remains of the antique aqueducts still stand nearly entire, and form the bridges of communication between the different parishes on the heights. The wildest of these is in the tenement belonging to Palestrina, called San Giovanni in Camporazio, and lies about five miles from Poli, on the road to Rome. We were ac-

companied on our ride thither by the parties of men, women, and children going out to harvest-work, or to gather figs or plums from the neighbouring vineyards. The harvest people had generally an ass to each company, to carry the day's provision of food and wine, and sometimes the infants, too young to be left at home. All were cheerful and gay: they talked freely to us of their interests, seemed to think that, individually, they were neither poorer nor less happy than when the palace was in its splendour, and the princes resided there, but regretted their loss, because the public roads had gone to decay, and the aqueducts and fountains were much neglected. The chief memorials they have of their princes are works of utility and beneficence, — the roads, the fountains, and the school.

About five miles from Poli we reached an antique building, arched and vaulted, and surrounded by large blocks of stone, and other traces of an extensive edifice: there we turned south, and rode towards the dell. As we approached it, we saw on the opposite side a ruin, corresponding with the former, on which a small sloping-

roofed house has been erected, with some picturesque chimneys. It stands on the brink of a precipice, partially shaded with fine wood, and the Alban hills are seen beyond it. The composition of the whole put us in mind of the pictures of Gaspar Poussin. Leaving our mules on the edge of the chasm, we began to descend into it by a very rough path, if path it could be called; and, after twenty minutes' walking, or rather scrambling, arrived in a pretty large basin, worn by the stream, which falls down a perpendicular rock, at the east end. Though in summer the rill scarcely foams as it trickles down the precipice, the winter flood has encumbered the channel below with masses of rock of many tons weight, and enormous forest trees. The native rock is sandstone, of a reddish brown. The masses lying in the channel are partly of that, partly of the common limestone, called by the stone-masons here palombino. Some travertine is also among them, and large pieces of basalt, probably washed from some antique paved way; for we could not find that there were any rocks of that

kind nearer than Anagni, though we have traced the rill almost up to its source.

In some places the stream has undermined the rocks, which have sunk into its bed, crowned with their flowers and shrubs, and trees, whose trunks are thrown in picturesque variety across the ravine.

Following the course of the rivulet, the pass becomes narrower and the rocks harder, the sand-stone giving way to limetone. Every where the vegetation is luxuriant. The ilex, the oak, the elm, the cornel, sorb, dwarf thorn, and hazel, are rooted in every crevice; but neither walnut nor chesnut was to be seen. About a mile below the fall the chasm widens into a valley, one side of which slopes sufficiently to allow the wood-cutters and charcoal-makers of the Barberini estate to coppice the oak once in eleven years. The other side is quite precipitous below; but, above, it is covered with some rich corn-fields. At this part of the vale a noble range of arches, half-covered with ivy, crosses it; and near it are several caves and large reservoirs, which probably were some of the piscinæ belonging to the Anio Novo, where

the water, it was hoped, would clear itself, before it flowed on to Rome. The top of this arcade is used as a bridge; but it is so narrow that few persons pass along otherwise than on foot, and it has the reputation of being a great haunt for banditti, who find shelter in the caves above mentioned.

Corresponding with this arcade, there is another across a glen, about half a mile from it, called simply San Giovanni, where there are a number of mills. There the aqueduct is called the Ponte Lupo, and the little stream below is the principal branch of the Aqua Nera, which collects in its bed all the rivulets from Palestrina to San Gregorio, and becomes a respectable river by the time it flows through the grounds of the villa Hadriana, to join the Teverone. The Ponte Lupo is rather a tremendous bridge to cross: two mules cannot pass each other, and there is no parapet; the whole breadth of the road being the channel of the ancient water-course, and a very narrow foot-path by it. We descended from the plain above to this bridge by a steep rocky path, where even the mules scarcely found footing; and, just at a sharp

angle which leads to the bridge, we had to stoop under the body of a large oak, which a recent thunder-storm had precipitated from the bank, along with its supporting rock. The ivy and other shrubs which cover the stone-work of the aqueduct have made a kind of natural railing, which lessens the sense of danger in crossing it. One high and wide arch spans the stream, on each side of which there is a triple row of arches; and on the deepest side there are even four, one above the other, besides large buttresses to support the lofty fabric. Below this spot the valley widens; the bottom is covered with rich corn-fields, and the coppice on the bank is gradually making way for vineyards, and plantations of Indian corn. Yet it is as unhealthy as the Campagna, from want of draining. Every winter-flood, every summer thunder-storm, causes the river to overflow; and the valley is almost always swampy. Nearly at the widest part another aqueduct crosses it, of weaker construction and a lower level, called by the people the Arci di Nerone. The arches are wide, and have only a double range, all equal. A

single one has given way near one of the banks, so that it no longer serves as a bridge; and we were obliged to climb the rocks, to cross another plain, to see the fourth portion of the aqueducts which still remain in this neighbourhood. After walking in a northerly direction about half a mile, we arrived at some very extensive ruins. One large tower might have been built, or at least added to, and used as a strong place, in the middle ages, from its appearance. But the arches and vaults of reticulated masonry, and the blocks of peperino which are scattered about, above all, the name of Sassula, which the peasants give it, furnish, at least, plausible reasons for supposing it the ancient Sassula, which, together with Empulium, was taken in the year 400 of Rome, by Valerius, after a successful battle with the Tiburtines. About a mile beyond Sassula, we came to the Ponte di Sant' Antonio, which appears to have been constructed at once for a bridge and an aqueduct. The road is wide and level, and the water-course, though broken in, sufficiently marked by the deposit of tartar which it has left at the bottom. Like the

Ponte Lupo, one large arch of the whole height crosses the stream, and the sides rest upon two, three, and four ranges, according to the depth of the ravine, with strong buttresses between. The trees by the side of the rivulet below grow to a great height: in some places they meet across, and the ivy and clematis, clinging from side to side, form natural bowers over the little torrent, whose falls, mixed with the song of the summer birds, were the only sounds we heard in this remote place.

At the north end of the Ponte di Sant Antonio the subterraneous channel, which conveyed the water from the Piscina at Gericomio, is still distinctly visible. To that place the Anio Novo was brought across the hills of San Gregorio, instead of following the circuitous road from the valley Degli Arci, beyond Tivoli, by the foot of Monte Repoli, Monte Spaccato, and the rest of the Via Carciana. The construction and great height of the Ponte Sant Antonio, Ponte Lupo, and that of San Giovanni in Camporazio, correspond with the description given by Frontinus of the Anio Novo; who says that, near Gericomio, the

arches were 144 palms high, or 109 feet. The Arci di Nerone, being lower, and running parallel with these, belong to the Aqua Claudia, brought to Rome by Claudius Drusus, according to the inscription on the Porta Maggiore at Rome, from the three springs, Cerulio, Curzio, and Albudino, thirty-eight miles from Rome, on the road to Subiaco. *

* Two miles above Tivoli there is a valley, called Gli Arci, because it is traversed by the arches of four of the principal ancient Roman aqueducts; Anio Vecchio, Anio Novo, Aqua Claudia, and Aqua Marcia. The arch nearest to Tivoli is that of the Aqua Marcia, built of blocks of tufo, with a more modern buttress. This water was brought to Rome by order of the senate, by Quintus Marcius, A.U.C. 608, from three sources on the left of the road to Subiaco, where the Via Valeria branches off between Arsoli and Austa. The aqueduct was sixty-one miles long, seven upon arches, and thirty-four under ground. The water sometimes failing, Augustus added to it the springs which rise in the rock of Austa. Altogether, it conveyed to Rome 4690 † quinaria.

† The quinarii, or fistula, used at Rome in the time of Frontinus, (superintendant of aqueducts under Trajan, A.U.C. 853,) was a cube of a finger (digit) and a quarter thick, *i. e.* five quarters *quincuna*. It was the smallest measure of fistula. Some contained five digits, or twenty quarters, and they took their names from the number of quarters in the diameter *senaria*, septenaria, octonaria, &c. The ancient Roman foot had 16 digits (12 inches). 109 feet correspond with 144 modern Roman palms in architecture. The quinaria was therefore a tube of 15 lines in diameter, of the Roman palm, or 10 lines of the French foot; and 4690 quinaria of water was equal to a stream 5 palms deep and 7 wide. The quan-

We had left our mules at the mills of San Giovanni, by the Arci di Nerone, and

This was the third aqueduct brought to Rome, the two first being Acqua Appia and Anio Vecchio. It is visible on the Via Carciana, traverses the Campagna, and appears again at the Porto Maggiore. The Acqua Claudia is the next in the valley Degli Arci. A modern tower has been erected on that part under which the road passes. It is forty-six miles in length, thirty-six of which are under ground, and carried to Rome 4607 quinaria of water. The construction is of brick, and the foundation tufo and travertine. It is likewise seen on the Via Carciana, and at Porto Maggiore. The Anio Novo, of which we have spoken more fully in the text, extends fifty-eight miles, only nine of which were under ground, and conveyed 4738 quinaria. The Anio Vecchio passes under the arch of Acqua Marcia: it runs along the road-side, always under ground. This was the second aqueduct built by the decemvir Fulvius Flaccus, A.R. 481, forty years after that of Acqua Appia. It began twenty miles above Tivoli, and travelled forty-three miles, of which only one quarter of a mile was above ground. It conveyed to Rome, by the Esquiline gate, 4398 quinariæ of water. It is to be observed on the Via Carciana, chiefly at the villa of Cassius, where the deposit of tartar, two palms in thickness, incrusts it in some places, which deposit probably induced the Romans to abandon it. See Frontinus; also Fabretti de Aquis et Aquæd.

tity of water brought by these four aqueducts equalled that of a stream 5 palms deep, 27½ wide; and all the water brought to Rome by the nine principal aqueducts, which existed in the time of Frontinus, equalled a river 5 palms deep and 42 wide, without mentioning six other smaller conduits.

had walked on in our eagerness to see the aqueducts, without paying much attention to any other objects; but, our curiosity satisfied, we had leisure to observe that the soil is not very fertile, and that, in some places, it barely covers the red rock near Ponte Sant Antonio. The parish of San Gregorio, however, has some excellent vineyards on the sloping banks; and the rocks that confine the streams are generally partially shaded by very fine trees, chiefly oak. The caverns and thickets afford cover for the wild hog and roe-deer; and there is, altogether, a mixture of wild and cultivated nature, peculiarly agreeable. The aqueducts do not appear to be so ruined as to force the recollection of the ages that have passed since they could be of use; and the busy mills, the labours of harvest, and the number of people, with their beasts of burden, passing and repassing, with corn and flour, form a more lively picture than is often presented in this country, so far from a walled town.

We returned from our expedition through the pleasure-grounds belonging to the Catena, the villa with three palaces, belonging

to the Cesarini, which we had passed on our way to Poli. We saw some droves of pretty black horses, feeding in the lower part of the gardens, which are probably rendered more productive of grass, but certainly less healthy, by the ruin of the fountains; so that the water is spread over the meadows, and keeps them constantly wet, instead of being carried off by proper channels. The trees have profited by the same ruin, particularly the cypress, oak, and ilex. The arbutus, too, grows to an uncommon height and size: the laurel, bay, in short, all of "firm and fragrant leaf," are in the greatest beauty.

> "No tree that is of count in greene wood growes,
> From lowest juniper to cedar tall;
> No floure in fielde, that dainty odour throwes,
> And decks his branch with blossomes over all,
> But there was planted or grew naturall."
>
> SPENSER.

But most of the marble seats that had been placed under their shade are overturned. The dove and the martlet build in the apartments of the palaces; and the snake and lizard glide about harmless by the useless door-ways.

CHAP. V.

With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey;
Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and Gothic fire. POPE.

DINNER AT A PEASANT'S HOUSE. — VISIT TO PALESTRINA. — BELIEF OF THE PEOPLE IN WITCHCRAFT. — GIORGI, A WIZARD. — DESCRIPTION OF PALESTRINA. — TEMPLE OF FORTUNE. — CELEBRATED MOSAIC. — SCENE FROM THE SOUTHERN GATE OF PALESTRINA. — ANAGNI. — MONTE-FORTINO. — ANTIQUITIES. — ST. AGAPET. — REJOICINGS ON HIS DAY. — COUNTRY FAMOUS FOR NUTS. — RETURN BY THE MOUNTAIN ROAD OF POLI.

ABOUT the first week in August we went, at the entreaty of one of our Poli friends, to spend the day at the casale of his vineyard. He was the same, the sight of whose successful industry had gratified us so much, and whose son was generally our guide. It was his harvest-home, and he insisted on our dining there. The treat consisted of fageoli, both

green and dry, dressed in various ways. The table was a tray, placed on a corn measure; the seats, the different agricultural instruments with trusses of straw; the forks, split canes; wooden spoons to each person, and one large dish in the centre, from which we all eat. Our welcome was so hearty, and the vegetables, bread, and wine so good, that we enjoyed our dinner more than we had often done in more sumptuous houses. When our host and his family had taken their turn after us, as we had visited the vineyard, olive-ground, and threshing-floor, and assisted the good woman in winnowing and measuring her wheat before dinner, they proposed to us to go to Palestrina, which we had not seen.

The road from our host's casale led through a wild and woodland country, sometimes going along with, and often deviating from, the antique road between Tivoli, *Tibur*, and Palestrina, *Preneste*. When we arrrived at two miles from Palestrina, we came up with a venerable, but singular looking man. Our host saluted him, and then coming up to us, very mysteriously said, "That man has preternatural powers;

observe him well, and don't talk of him till he is out of hearing." His countenance was marked; his long grey locks hung round his face in clusters, and his small sparkling eyes and shrewd look showed, that he possessed cunning enough to avail himself of the opinion his simple neighbours entertained of his superiority. We could not help smiling at the instances given of his witching powers, as soon as he left us to pursue his road to Zagarola, a town in the plain below. Once, when surrounded by ten or fifteen sbirri, who were ordered by government to apprehend him, he muttered some words, and when the sbirri would have stretched out their arms to take him, they found them withered. Another time the soldiers of the state surrounded him and his son, and fired at them. "Keep on my right hand," said he to the young man; and as long as he did so the balls fell powerless before him; but having by accident gone to his left side, he was instantly shot: the father, of course, remained untouched. A third anecdote, equally marvellous, but of a more worldly character, was related. Giorgi, for that is the wizard's

name, having to take an ox into Rome to sell him to the butcher, but not liking to pay the usual duty, mounted on its back, and enchanted the guards at the gate, so that they saw him ride in on a goodly horse, while the country people, his companions, perceived well enough that it was his own fat ox that he bestrode.

This kind of discourse, by which we found that the belief in witchcraft is pretty general among these mountaineers, brought us round the angle of a rock, whence we had our first near view of Palestrina, and nothing can be imagined finer. A ruined tower and fortress of the middle ages crowns the conical hill of Palestrina. A large convent near one of the gates, and the terraced streets of the town, probably present an outline not unlike that of the temple of Fortune, with its baths, light-house, and citadel, whose scite they now occupy. A few cypresses and pines mixed with the building, and partly concealing the Cyclopian wall that extends from the citadel to the plain below, serve, with their dark foliage, to detach the hill from the surrounding woody mountains, and the narrow plain

between the Volscian and Alban hills, leads the eye on to Monte Circeo and the sea.

As we walked along the street before the baronial palace of Palestrina, traces of its varied history presented themselves on either hand. The palace itself belongs to the Barberini family, who still possess, at least the nominal jurisdiction of the town. Carlo Barberini, brother of Pope Urban the Eighth, was the first of that house who possessed this important feof. The quarrels of the house of Colonna with that pontiff were the real cause of this forced sale of Palestrina to their enemy; and we may believe that Francis Colonna was indeed sincere in his expressions of regret in giving up the citizens to the dominion of their new masters. Palestrina had been at once the scene of the noble achievements of the Colonna, from the days of Crescentius, through all the stormy times of the early history of modern Rome, and the proudest possession of that house whose feofs of Zagarola*,

* Now belonging to the Rospigliosi. Clement the Seventh burnt it, during his wars with the Colonna. It was anciently *Pedum*.

Colonna *; and the half of Tusculum, *Frascati*, were all inferior to the fortress and territory of Palestrina.

In walking through the town fragments of marble columns, and statues and fountains, set up as ornaments to the streets, or as seats at the mean doors of the present inhabitants, continually attract the eye. The modern street of the Corso, where the Carnival amusements of the Corso of Rome are carried on with equal spirit, runs along the foot of the hill in the direction of the ancient forum. A little higher some columns with rich capitals adorn the side of a church, and broken parts of similar columns are built into the walls of the neighbouring houses.

These, according to every restoration, from Suaresius downwards, belonged to the Basilicæ, and porticoes erected by Sylla to adorn the approach to the temple of his favourite goddess, when he rebuilt the town, and bestowed its territory upon his successful soldiers, after he had massacred its in-

* Also belonging to the Rospigliosi; hence the Colonna family had its surname. It was the ancient Labicum.

habitants in revenge for their adherence to the family and fortunes of Marius. Near these was raised the Pharos, which could be no where more properly placed than in the temple of Fortune, the peculiar deity of Ocean.* Here were also the upper and lower Delubri†, the most sacred and most splendid parts of that magnificent fane, which was enriched by the offerings of the sovereigns of the east, and the gifts of the wealthiest cities; which the arts were called from Greece to adorn, and for which the quarries of Egypt and Asia were explored.

Above these rose the secret temples of Fortune, Jupiter, and Juno, and the citadel crowned the rock. The splendour of this temple kept up the credit of the Prenestine fates with the vulgar, long after the enlightened part of the Roman world had

* According to Pausanias, Homer calls Fortune the daughter of Ocean, in his hymn to Ceres; and Fortune, especially the Prenestine, was generally represented holding a rudder.

† The precise meaning of *delubrum*, though the word is sometimes used both for temple and for fane, does not suit either. Yet the difference is not any where accurately defined. Æschinardi refers to others, none of whom agree.

ceased to believe in oracles. These fates were among the most ancient of Italy, and were consulted by all nations. A tradition that an olive-tree near the upper delubrum had flowed with honey, and that of the wood of that tree the box containing the rude oracle was formed, served to sanctify the simple appearance of the sortes, which consisted of either letters or words rudely carved on slips of wood.* These were shaken together, and a child was employed to draw out the tablets at hazard. This was done three times †, the box being raised as often above the priest's head, and the response was written down and suspended round the votary's neck. When Alexander Severus consulted the Prenestine fates,

* This tradition does not agree with Pliny's observation, quoted by Gibbon, that for two centuries after the foundation of Rome, Italy was a stranger to the olive. Virgil, too, more than once speaks of the opposite parties bearing branches of olive, as a symbol of peace, when an alliance or a truce was to be concluded; and, as he is considered generally correct in costume, he must have thought the olive was known before the building of the city.

† "The sacred lots were taken up three times by the boy." — Tibullus, B. i. 3. 11.

he received his answer in the words of Virgil,

> " Couldst though break through fate's severe decree,
> A new Marcellus shall arise in thee !" *

A proof, if such were wanting, that the priests could adapt their answers to the wishes of those who consulted them. Numerous inscriptions attest, that the Prenestine fortune received gifts on almost every occasion, public and private. The victors, in the public games, dedicated their prizes to the propitious goddess. A fortunate navigator consecrated to her a marble ship, exquisitely wrought. The monuments of the dead were often dedicated to her jointly with the manes of the individual.

We learn from an inscription, that a freeman of Augustus dedicated to her a statue of equity; and that one of Cupid was given her by Lucius Anocinus Sororicus, the protector of the town of Lutetia (*Paris*). The number and value of the gifts dedicated to the Prenestine fortune, induced Carneades, when ambassador from Athens to the Roman senate, to exclaim, that he had no

* Dryden's translation of Æneis, b. vi. l. 1220.

where seen Fortune so fortunate as at Preneste.

Some of the votaries of Fortune paid annual tribute to her, such as coronets of marble or of gold. The poorer sort offered crowns of clay or common stone, and about a century ago a magazine of such articles was discovered near Palestrina. All ranks hung votive gifts round her shrines, in commemoration of relief from sickness. A number of little clay legs, arms, &c. not unlike those in wax now dedicated to the saints on similar occasions, were found in the above-mentioned magazine. Images of fortune were suspended from the neck, and worn attached to the clothes, like the Madonnas and crucifixes of the Roman Catholics. Nor was she the only divinity so honoured; there were multitudes of these travelling or pocket gods, as Winkelman calls them; and Sylla, besides his bronze Fortune, had a little gold figure of Apollo Pythius, which he constantly wore and often kissed. It was in the lower delubrum of the temple, near where the episcopal palace now stands, that the celebrated Mosaic was discovered, which attracts the principal at-

tention of the curious at Palestrina. It is said by Pliny, to have been placed there by Sylla, who introduced the art of working in Mosaic to the Romans. It is mentioned in a description of Palestrina, written about the ninth or tenth century, but had been forgotten and covered with filth, and encrusted with the deposit from the water which dripped from a reservoir above. Being accidentally re-discovered, at the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, Cardinal Antonio Barberini removed it to his palace, where it still remains. The first drawings from it were made while it remained in the stable where it was discovered, by torchlight, and fourteen sheets of these drawings were in the possession of the Cavaliere del Pozzo, who gave some of them to Bishop Suares, to be engraved in his antiquities of Preneste. Since that time various literary men, and antiquaries, have described, engraved, and commented on it, but none of them agree on the subject. Barthelemi thinks it later than Sylla, and that it belonged to a temple of Serapis, erected when that deity became fashionable among the Romans, because there are all

the animals of Egypt and Africa pourtrayed on it, and the figures in the boats are African. But it corresponds with the description given by Pliny of Sylla's Mosaic, and that general brought the art of inlaying stones from the East; and probably the artists also, who would naturally continue to work in the same manner as in their own country, and would attract the more wonder by representing foreign scenes and foreign animals. However this may be, the pavement is curious, from the number of animals represented, with their names in Greek characters. The temples, towers, and villages that appear to be surrounded by water, seem to represent the Nile, when overflowed; and, as to the figures, which some think represent the fable of Helen and Menelaus, they are equally applicable to the allegory of Isis sending the limbs of Osiris to the different cities of Egypt. Other Mosaics have been at various times discovered at Palestrina; especially a fine one, representing Europa crossing the sea on the back of the bull, while her companions on the shore are bewailing her.

As it was late in the day before we reached

Palestrina, we were not able to give so much time to seeking for its antiquities, as we could have wished. Therefore, leaving the town by a gate opposite to that by which we had entered, we stood to rest for some time on a terrace that overlooks the plain towards the sea. Before, and very near us, lay Anagni, where, in the middle ages, Boniface VIII. was born, whose hatred to the Colonnas almost renewed the scenes of Sylla's cruelty in Palestrina, driving out the inhabitants, and passing the ploughshare over its walls. * It was in this persecution that the upper part of the temple of Fortune, which, till then, stood entire, was demolished. Anagni, also, was the scene of the imprisonment, and the severe justice inflicted on Boniface, by the sons and nephews of the virtuous men he had persecuted.

Behind Anagni, Monte Fortino shelters within its walls, which shone before us in the evening sun, hordes of brigands, in friendship only with the towns of Ferentino, Sonnino, Frusinone, and Faiola, con-

* See Dante, Purgatorio, canto 27.

cealed from us by the intervening hills. Algidus, sacred to Apollo and Diana, lay on our right. Every where we could trace a rock, a hill, or at least a name, which Virgil has immortalized. The picturesque description of those who followed the founder of Palestrina to the assistance of Turnus, was naturally repeated.

Nor was Preneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Muluber,
Found in the fire, and fostered in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Preneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus and dewy fields,
Anagnia sat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

B. vii. l. 938.

Every gate, every avenue to Palestrina, either bears an antique name, or contains

objects of historic or antiquarian * interest. Here an ancient tomb, there the vestiges of a theatre. In one spot, the Braschi Antinous was dug up; in another, the Danaïde of the Vatican. One field is named after the Ulpian family, probably natives, certainly denizens in Preneste, whose noblest ornament, Trajan, often retired thither to

* Of these last the votive vase, consecrated by Dindia to her father, is one of the most curious. It is cylindrical, and of bronze, two palms high, and supported by three lions' claws, which rest on toads. It is crowned by three little bronze figures. A plate of the whole is given in the Museum Kirkerianum, which shows the figures on the lid engaged in hunting, and those round the sides representing the dispute of Pollux and Amycus, which is also engraved in Winkelman. These figures are only engraved on the bronze. Petrini, in his Annals of Palestrina, gives a plate of another, differing a little from that of Dindia, and a third, of the same kind, was carried by a Mr. Bay to England. It had belonged to Visconti. The letters engraved on the first are similar to those on the column of Duilius. Petrini considers them as mystic cysts of the Bacchanals, and, therefore, not of later date than 186 before Christ; for in that year a law of the senate put an end to the orgies of Bacchus. The vase of Dindia was found in a tomb near Saint Antonio's church, with a patera and a small vase for perfumes. No vases of this kind and shape have been found, excepting within the Prenestine territories. The maker of that of Dindia was Novius Plautius.

enjoy the pleasures of the chase. The names of Ælian, the friend of the younger Pliny, and of Aulus Gellius, both of whom he often received here, are preserved in the titles of some vineyards. The Antonines loved Preneste, and their names are frequent in the inscriptions of the city.

Nor is it wanting in saints and martyrs, the heroes of the early Christians. Of these, the chief is Saint Agapet, whose worship has superseded that of the Prenestine Fortune, and whose festival, the 18th of August, collects the inhabitants of the country for miles round, to prayer and to amusements, that last the greater part of two days. Nothing but the programma, printed and stuck up in every little town in the neighbourhood, can give an idea of the mixture of prayers and pleasures promised to the people on that auspicious day. We shall, therefore, give it at length, that our readers may have one more occasion to remark how closely the Roman church has followed the Pagan ceremonies in her festivals.

" PROGRAMMA.

" On the recurrence of the 18th of August, the feast " of the glorious and invincible martyr, Saint Agapet, " citizen and principal protector of the most ancient and " illustrious city of Palestrina, and of its diocese, the " public authorities have determined to celebrate it " with pomp, in the following manner:

" On the vigil, about twenty-two o'clock, after the " most reverend chapter, with pious veneration, shall, " according to the established custom and rite, have " conveyed the miraculous head of the Saint from the " episcopal college to the cathedral church, dedicated to " the same Saint, ornamented with beautiful and symme- " trical hangings, there shall be sung solemn vespers, " with music.

" The band from Rome, placed in the square of the " city, will perform, during the evening, various airs, " among which will be the best pieces of modern music, " adapted to wind instruments. The music will be " mingled with artificial fire-works.

" On the next morning, about the hour of twelve, " with the usual orderly and devout procession, the " sacred head will be carried through the principal " streets of the city, the regular and secular clergy, the " confraternities, and the magistrates, attending, and " followed by the band.

" The solemn mass will be performed with music, " as well as the second vespers.

" A race of horses, with a purse to the winner of " fifteen crowns, will take place at twenty-two and a " half o'clock, and at twenty-four the band will play as " on the preceding night.

" Finally, about one hour of the night, grand and

" superb fire-works will be set on fire, and then the
" rising of an aereostatic globe will terminate this gay
" and auspicious day.

" The firing of mortars, and the sound of musical in-
" struments at each ecclesiastical function, will re-echo
" the common joy, and the city will be illuminated on
" both nights.

" The public will concur, both in doing honour to so
" great a Saint, and in enjoying the above-mentioned
" entertainments.

" Given at the Government Palace of Palestrina,
" August 7th, 1819.
" FELICE ROSICARELLI, first Ancient."

Besides these amusements, a good deal of traffic is carried on at the festa: all that can be spared from the produce of the gardens and farms is carried thither to barter for the foreign goods brought by the pedlars to St. Agapet's fair. No one will return from it without a bag of nuts, for which Preneste has been at all times so famous, that the Prenestines are nick-named nut-eaters, by more than one ancient author. Cecconi, however, in his History of Palestrina, gives a more honourable account of the name than the mere derivation from the goodness or plenty of them in their territory. The Prenestine soldiers, besieged by Hannibal, in Cassilino, being reduced to

great extremities by famine; Gracchus had caused some butts to be filled with wheat, and let them float down the river to the town, but the enemy soon discovering the practice, stopped the supplies, and afterwards a quantity of nuts were thrown into the stream, which the famishing soldiers caught in an iron net, and on which they subsisted for some time. Hence their name of nut-eaters. The Roman senate, grateful for the service of the Prenestine soldiers, exempted those engaged in the defence of Cassilino from military service for five years, and doubled their pay. They also offered to make them citizens of Rome, but as that would have been incompatible with their continuing citizens of Preneste, they preferred their native city, and rejected the honours of the capital.

But, however the Prenestines obtained the name, it is certain that their territory still produces excellent nuts, of various kinds; and we were sorry that day-light closed in so fast, that, as we had four miles to walk before we reached home, we could not see the gathering of filberts for St. Agapet's day, which we, however, intended to cele-

brate at Palestrina. We, therefore, left our station at the gate of the Capuchins, and took our way home by a shorter but more rocky road, at the back of Saint Martin's towers, to Poli.

Every beauty that a wild country, adorned by the light of a fine setting sun and an Italian sky, can present, we enjoyed in our walk homewards. The mountain rivulets, wild woods, and steep rocks, here and there interrupted by a corn-field or a threshing-floor, and enlivened by flocks of goats, or herds of oxen going to their nightly shelter, were finely contrasted with the long, low line of the Campagna, which now and then appeared through an opening between the hills; and, as we were ignorant that at that very moment a troop of banditti, which the government has not power to suppress, was within a short distance of our road, our little journey was one of uninterrupted enjoyment.

CHAP. VI.

The manners speak the idiom of their soil,
An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain.
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
Insult the plenty of the vales below.

GRAY'S *Fragment.*

ROCK LEADING TO CAPRANICA. — SCENE OF THE FEUDS BETWEEN THE COLONNA AND URSINI. — BANDITTI. — REPRESSED BY RIENZI — BY SIXTUS V. — AND BY THE FRENCH. — REPORT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF SONNINO. — PASTORAL LIFE AKIN TO THAT OF OUTLAWS. — UNCERTAINTY OF JUSTICE, OR LAW. — MURDER COMMITTED AT POLI. — FATE OF THE MURDERERS. — GYPSIES ARRIVE AT POLI.

A DAY or two after our visit to Palestrina, we walked to the top of a little hill, which had struck us on our way from that place, as a fine point whence we might command the view of the surrounding country. We found it was the direct road to Capranica, which supplies all the neighbouring district with shepherds. From this height, nearly the same objects were seen as from the surrounding hills, and to attempt to describe them, would be to repeat the same words.

But, in the natural combinations of objects, the slightest change may often give a life and variety to the picture, which language cannot reach, and to be equalled only by the passing clouds which vary its lights and shadows.

Here, while resting on the grass, and looking down upon Rome, which was partly obscured by the clouds of smoke rising in different parts of the Campagna, from the chaff burned near the work-people's huts, partly to diminish the effects of the bad air, and partly to destroy the locusts, we naturally thought of the history of the eternal city, and of its heroes. The spot we were on fixed our attention on the middle ages. Here, perhaps on this very rock, was the mule with the jar of oil seized by robbers, which gave Rienzi occasion to exercise his wholesome severity on a nobleman of Rome: the Ursini Lord of Capranica was "condemned to restore the damage, and to "discharge a fine of four hundred florins "for his negligence in guarding the high "ways."* The short government of the

* Gibbon, chap. lxx., See also the curious life of Cola di Rienzi, by a cotemporary, written in the low Roman dialect of the time, which is a curious contrast to the

Tribune freed the country from robbers: travelling became secure; and plenty flowed from all quarters towards Rome, the merchant incurring no risk of the loss of his goods by the way. Unhappily Rienzi grew giddy with power and success. He owed his fall to himself, and one of its first consequences was, the re-assembling of the banditti, and the consequent insecurity of the country.* This rock was nearly the boundary of the rival houses of the Ursini and Colonna, and witnessed many of their feudal strifes. † The Conti, also, whose adopted arms, the bear chained to the column, refers to the victory they gained in behalf of the Colonna over their rivals, bore no inconsiderable part in these irregular but sanguinary quarrels; and the castle of Poli, in those times, was the chief fastness of their vassals. The hills all around are

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language of Petrarch, the friend of the Tribune. When Petrarch went from Avignon, to visit Robert, king of Naples, he stopped at Capranica, where he spent some weeks.

* There is a curious burlesque poem, the Maggio Romanesco, that throws some light on the state and character of the Roman populace, in the time of Rienzi.

† Cecconi's History of Palestrina.

scooped into caves now used for the cattle, but the songs and traditions of the inhabitants, as well as those of the low Romans, assign them to the robbers, from time immemorial.

One of these tales is told of Sixtus V., who went in disguise, like an old man, with an ass laden with wine, into the woods. The robbers, of course, seized him, and caused him to turn the spit in the cave while they examined the wine. Sixtus muttered to himself that he saw them do that with pleasure. "What say you?" said they. "Only that I shall eat with pleasure "when the roast is done." "So you may, "but we shall drink all the wine ourselves." "Alas, gentlemen, wine is not made for a "poor man like me, who only carry it "about for others, and who will, perhaps, be "put in prison for my misfortune in losing "this, which is precious." So saying, he returned to his office at the fire. At length the meat was done, the supper eaten, and the wine drank, to the great delight of Sixtus, who had mixed opium in it; and, as soon as he saw the band fairly asleep, he whistled, his soldiers came up, and they were every one taken.

From the time of Rienzi, the vigorous government of Sixtus V. is the only one during which the banditti were kept under. After him, all laws and regulations and threats have proved ineffectual, and their depredations have continued, excepting during the short period that the French military government kept them in awe.

We had heard from some peasants bringing their corn to be ground at the mills near Poli, that the robberies lately committed on the road between Rome and Naples, had determined government to rase the town of Sonnino, which had opened its gates to the banditti, and had, in fact, long been their head-quarters, to the ground. Indeed, the first report was, that the town had actually been battered down, and all the inhabitants put to death in the night. The peasants, who gave this evidently exaggerated account, were of opinion that the men must certainly have been absent from the town, or they would never have suffered it to be so surprised; and, in that case, they foretold the most dreadful consequences to whoever should fall into their hands, by way of reprisal for the murder of their

wives and children. At any rate, whether Sonnino were destroyed or not, where the brigands, who would certainly leave the towns as soon as they heard of the severe proclamation issued against them, would go to, was a matter of serious and anxious conjecture.

Two years ago, on a similar occasion, the noted De Cesaris, who was shot last spring near Terracina, led his followers up to these hills, and for nearly two months they subsisted on the spoil of the neighbouring townships. On such expeditions the banditti are always aided by the shepherds and goat-herds, a race of men apt for their purposes, as their half-savage life, while it gives them enough intercourse with the towns to procure food and intelligence, detaches them so much from all social bonds as to render them indifferent to the crimes of others.

The observation, that the pastoral manners, which have been "adorned with the "fairest attributes of peace and innocence, "are much better adapted to the fierce and "cruel habits of a military life*," is con-

* Gibbon, chap. xxvi. of the Decline and Fall.

firmed by the manners of the shepherds of these mountains. Where the townships have land enough to employ the inhabitants in agriculture and gardening, as at Poli, the inhabitants are kind and gentle; and when an outrage is committed, the first exclamation always is, he who has done the evil must be an idle fellow, who had not patience to wait while his bread was growing. But Capranica, and some other mountain towns, which have little or no arable land annexed to them, while they supply their neighbours with shepherds, also furnish their annual quota to the ranks of the banditti. The observation of Gibbon, quoted above, though it concerns the wandering Tartars, is equally applicable to the shepherds of the Appenines, between whom and the wandering tribes of northern Asia there are some points of resemblance.

The unhealthiness of that great portion of Italy extending between the mountains and the sea, from the banks of the Arno to Terracina, renders it scarcely habitable during the summer months, and has forced the proprietors to adopt a system of management by which the lands in general only

come into tillage every sixth or seventh year in rotation. * Therefore nearly five-sixths appear barren during the summer, but in winter they are covered with flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of oxen and horses, which come down from the mountains, as soon as the influence of the bad air abates, to fatten on the luxuriant winter herbage of the low lands, particularly the Campagna of Rome. The mountain shepherds of course accompany † them. Thus by a regular annual migration from the mountain to the plain, the ties to home, which form the most powerful securities for the virtue of the peasant, are loosened, and he becomes fitted for the wandering life and desultory habits of the outlaw. The same causes have worked the same effects in all countries, except, perhaps, in Swit-

* See Chateauvieux's Letters.

† The following four lines, which are the first stanza of a popular ballad, refer to the departure from the mountain for the plain, by the sea-side, called Maremma, from Leghorn to Terracina.

Quando Francesco Antonio fece partenza,
Diss' alla Moglie sua abbia patienza
E quando ci viene occasione
Mandammi in Maremma sto pellicione.

zerland, where natural and political circumstances have counterbalanced them. But the Spanish mountaineers, in the Guerilla war, displayed a spirit too like the banditti of the Appenines, and it is scarcely "sixty years since," the Caterans of the Highlands of Scotland might have emulated the brigands of Sonnino.

The open trial for crimes, the rigid execution of the laws, and the politic measure of opening roads and erecting bridges throughout the Highlands, have freed Great Britain from the disgrace of harbouring such ruffians. But here, the trial is secret, the judgment uncertain, and the roads generally in such a state of decay, that the culprit may almost defy the pursuit of justice.

We were led to make these reflections by a shocking scene which took place at Poli, on one of the last days of July. We were going out to walk about an hour after day-break, when we heard a voice rather louder and more lamentable than the usual slow morning song of the labourers; we looked towards the quarter whence it came, and perceived some women sitting on the

ground, occupied about something that we took for a heap of linen for bleaching, but, on approaching, we distinctly heard the words, "Oh my good brother," and discovered a young man just murdered. A single stroke of the dagger had penetrated his heart; he had fallen on the spot, and his relations were weeping round the corpse. The father sat silent, the image of despair: the sisters lamented aloud; and the brothers were in pursuit of the murderers, whom they had seized once, but who were liberated by the women, who were going out to harvest-work, and passed at the moment; and, as there is no legal authority in Poli competent to seize a criminal, without first having recourse to Palestrina, it was feared that if they escaped from the brothers of their victim, they would be safe from all further pursuit. The poor lad who was killed bore an excellent character. He, with one of his brothers, was keeping watch the night before in their master's casale, when the murderers, two very young men, came to steal peas, as they said, to feed their pigeons. The deceased looked from the window, and told them not to touch

what did not belong to them, or they might get a *box on the ear.*" "A box on the ear to us," replied the enraged thieves; "you "shall pay for this," and departed. The next morning, knowing that the young men must go from the casale to the town, about five hundred yards off, for bread, before they could set about their day's work, the villains way-laid them just under the convent wall of San Stefano, and there, seizing the principal object of their revenge, one held him, while the other murdered him in cold blood.

Poli, since the time of the French government, when it formed a regular municipality, with a mayor, &c. has had no efficient magistrates, though the population exceeds twelve hundred souls. There was no one to secure the murderers, and the body must remain where it was, till permission was obtained from Palestrina to send to Tivoli for the proper officer to enquire into the fact, and to pronounce what is equivalent to our coroner's verdict. It was one of the hottest days in summer, the thermometer being at 96: the murder took place at four in the morning. About noon, a violent

thunder-storm, with rain and hail, came on: still the body lay across the only road into the town, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was found that the persons who had escaped, had committed wilful murder on the body of the deceased, which was then taken up for interment.

On many following days, when we walked out, we saw the brothers or the friends of the young man, hurrying with bludgeons towards this valley, or that rock, on certain intelligence that the murderers were still lingering about, and that their relations supplied them with food every night. This we afterwards found to be true. They were stout, active young men; one of them could read and write, and his mother applied to us to take him as our servant a few days after the murder, hoping thereby to screen him from punishment. We very unguardedly told her, that so far from assisting in any such plan, we should rather give him up to the magistrate, to receive his due reward. Upon which, she bade us look to ourselves: but her threats were pronounced in anger, and we disregarded them. Her son and his companion wandered about the

woods for many weeks. One was recognised in Rome some time afterwards, and imprisoned. He had already contracted a low fever, by sleeping in unhealthy places; and died in gaol. The other was afterwards taken up, and remains in prison, where he will probably stay till some public example is required. He will then be executed in the Piazza del Popolo, in Rome, or be dismissed unpunished, with such additional bad dispositions, as long imprisonment among others, still more wicked, never fails to produce.

As the reports of the approach of the brigands from the southward grew every day stronger, we could not help thinking that a gang of gypsies, which made its appearance rather suddenly one afternoon from Siciliano, was connected with them. The men belonging to the gang seemed to be pedlars; they carried baskets of such wares as Shakspeare's Autolichus has made poetical, and which suit the costume of the young women here. "Ribbons of all the "colours i' th' rainbow, points more than "all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly "handle, though they come to him by the

" gross; inkles, caddices, cambricks, lawn," and ballads too in plenty; nor was the song of recommendation wanting. The women, as usual, were fortune-tellers. We had the curiosity to listen to them; and there were the usual promises of good fortunes, great husbands, beautiful wives, and indulgent confessors. One of them said, her mother was born at Alexandria, in Egypt, and was the head of the tribe in Italy. We talked with them some time, and found that their own dialect was the same with that of the gypsies of England and Spain, and the Bohemians of France and Germany, which Richardson and Schlegel have long since recognised to be that of the Nats of Hindostan. Their character is not at all more respectable here than in other countries; and though there was no evidence of their connection with the brigands, they were looked upon as their fore-runners. They professed to be travelling towards Palestrina, to be ready for the feast of Saint Agapet, when they hoped to sell their wares, and exercise their trade of tinkers. Their little camp by the road-side, their asses grazing round, the pigs tethered to the doors of the

huts, the little ragged children begging amidst their play, and all having the true gypsey face and expression, looked so like a scene at Hampstead, or Blackheath, that we felt almost good-will towards what reminded us so much of home.

CHAP. VII.

Commincio a riscattar per li viaggi
Robba, e dinari senza remissione,
Cavalli, bovi, e molti carriaggi
E fece al bosco una gran provizione,
Si pigliava Fanciulli per ostaggi,
Piccoli, grandi, e d'ogni condizione
Al bosco tutti quanti le menava,
Porrandogli il denar li rimandava.

Storia di Niccola Porcia.

BANDITTI ARRIVE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD AND SEIZE TWO LADS. — THEIR ACCOUNT OF THE OUTLAWS. — THEIR DRESS AND AMUSEMENTS. — SHEPHERDS' ACCOUNT OF THE BANDITTI. — THEIR SUPERSTITION. — DE CESARIS, A NOTED BANDIT. — THE ROBBERS DEMAND CLOTHING FROM POLI, AND ARE SUPPLIED. — CIVIC FORCES ASSEMBLED, THEY GO OUT AGAINST THE BANDITTI. — DISCONTENT OF THE POLESE. — ANOTHER PARTY OF THE CIVIC FORCE PURSUES THE ROBBERS. — ALARMING REPORTS CONCERNING THEM. — ANXIETY OF THE PEOPLE IN POLI.

THE morning after, at day-break, the gypsies had all disappeared, and we learned with certainty that the banditti were at Guadagnola. Early the day before, which was the twelfth of August, they had seized two lads, assistants to a surveyor,

who was measuring the lands for the purpose of adjusting the taxes. They were employed in the wood leading to Guadagnola, when two men, armed, came suddenly up to them near the little chapel to the Madonna, and seized the youngest boy, who was going along the road, the other was within the wood a few paces. The robbers called to him by the opprobrious name razza di Cane, and presenting their muskets, forced him to come to them; when giving him a blow, they drove him and his companion before them to an open space in the wood, where they found eleven of their companions sitting on the grass, engaged in different occupations; the two who had taken the lads being centinels, posted to give notice of approaching danger. Their chief object in seizing the boys appeared to be that of obtaining information as to the principal inhabitants of Poli, and their places of daily resort, in order to capture some of them, if possible, and thereby obtain a good sum as ransom. But they had another reason for taking them, and for detaining them the whole day; and this was to prevent their giving such information

C. L. E. del.t

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, 1820.

J. Clark sculp.

concerning them and their situation in the neighbouring towns, as might enable the townspeople, or the military, to surround them. They therefore kept them prisoners till night; treated them very well, and gave them bread and cheese, with some water, which was all they had for themselves, though the lads understood that they expected a provision of meat and some wine at night.

During the time of their captivity, the young men had full leisure to observe the dresses and the employments of the banditti; the latter were chiefly gaming. As soon as two centinels were placed, which were frequently changed, the party divided into different sets, one of which played at cards; another at morra *, for a louis-d'or per chance; a third party danced, while a fourth listened to a story, or ballad, in all the careless profligacy of an outlaw's life.

* Morra, a game not unlike one which children play in England: "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" In both, the hand is held clenched at first, and the guesser at the right number of fingers, held up at the moment the guess is made, is the winner.

Their dress was picturesque, yet military; that of some was a good deal tattered, but all had blue velveteen shorts jackets and breeches, linen shirts, drawers and stockings; the latter bound round with leathern thongs, which fastened on a kind of sandal: their shirts open at the neck with the collar turned back. The waistcoat was fastened with bunches of the little silver filagree buttons common at Naples: two rows of the same buttons adorned the jacket, which was cut in the military style, and had several pockets on each side. Many of them had two coloured silk handkerchiefs* fastened to their button-holes by one corner, the rest being tucked into the pockets. Round the waist they wore an ammunition belt, called here a padroncina, made of stout leather, having slips for cartridges, and fastened in front with a silver or plated clasp. Across the left shoulder another leathern belt was slung, in which there

* A coloured handkerchief, especially an Indian one, is highly prized; and as the robbers had made free with the bundles of several pedlars, on their way from Terracina to Rome, they decorated themselves with their spoils.

was a case for a knife, a fork, and a spoon, some of which the boys said were of silver. There was, besides, a hanger, or couteau de chasse, the weapon with which most murders in this part of the country are committed, with a brass handle, ornamented with silver, or plated.

Every robber had a silver heart, containing a picture of the Madonna and Child, suspended by a red ribbon to his neck, and fastened with another of the same colour to his left side. Their hats had high pointed crowns, like those of Salvator Rosa's banditti, surrounded with bands of alternate red and white near the top, and a black band and buckle near the brim. He whom the boys took for the chief, though we learned afterwards that he was not so, was distinguished by a quantity of gold lace on his jacket and pantaloons: this we concluded to be the spoil of some Neapolitan officer. They all wore large gold ear-rings with drops; and two of the youngest had each two long ringlets on each side of the face, the rest of the hair being short. Many of them had gold watches, seals, chains, rings, and other

trinkets, which they boasted of having taken from English travellers.

The boys described the robbers as being stout, active young men, excepting one, who was very short and corpulent, with a bald head; he appeared to be the butt of the rest, and, like Falstaff, to be not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others: they called him the gourd merchant, alluding to the gourd-like smoothness of his bald head.* After asking about the different inhabitants of Poli by name, the brigands began to question their prisoners about the English who were there, whether they did not go out into the woods to paint, and other questions of the kind. The boys being really ignorant, could give them no information about us, and very little about any one else; and therefore they were dis-

* This is not a local witticism of the robbers. *Cocuzzolo* is a common expression for the head among the low Romans, as in the following lines of the Meo Patacea, a burlesque poem, written in the dialect of the Trasteverine Romans, now become rare. The repetition in the first line is true Roman:

Mostrava un genio nobile, mostrava,
E gran machine havè in tel cocuzzolo.

missed at night-fall, and made the best of their way home; where they were the first to give information of the vicinity of the brigands, although several shepherds had seen them, and had even made purchases of bread and other provisions for them. The gonfaloniere, for there is still the name of that magistrate at Poli, then sent to Palestrina for the marshal of the district, who alone can order out the civic guard; that is, about twenty of the young peasants, into whose hands muskets are put for the occasion; and while employed they receive 25 bajocchi a day*: their duty is to watch their own town by day and night, and to join the *civica* of other towns, or the regular military, in pursuit of outlaws and robbers.

As it was now publicly known, that the banditti were in the territory of Poli, the shepherds felt themselves, as they said, released from the promise of secrecy they had made to them; and confessed that they had come to the sheep-cote on the hill, leading to Capranica on the eve of

* There are 100 bajocchi in one Spanish dollar.

St. John's, (that is on the 9th of August,) and had staid there two nights. This was the day after we had been on the same rock to see the sun set from it; and as we listened to the distant sound of a bagpipe among the hills, a young lad who was with us said, "That is most likely a shepherd from "Abruzzo, or some of those wild Neapolitan "places that harbour the outlaws."* Whether the pipe had any connection or not with the arrival of the robbers, it was one of those little incidents which, being recollected afterwards, seemed to form part of the whole train of circumstances belonging to their sudden appearance so close to us.

* The bagpipe is the common instrument of the shepherds here. Some of the greatest painters have represented it in pictures of the adoration of the shepherds. At Christmas-time, the pipers come down from the mountains to Naples and Rome, where they play about the streets, and especially before all pictures and images of the Madonna. They have one air, wild, and not without grandeur, which they believe to be that played at the birth of Christ by the angels, and which they perform on Christmas-eve in the great churches, especially that of Santa Maria Maggiore, where they exhibit the presepia: *i. e.* a representation as large as life of an ox, an ass, Joseph, Mary, and the Divine Infant, in wax, under a bower, dressed with branches, ribbons, &c.

To gratify our curiosity, the master of the shepherds sent his head man to us, to give us an account of the arrival of the robbers at the fold, which he did nearly as follows:

About half an hour after sun-set, eight shepherds being together in the cote, three armed men came to them and asked what they had to eat; they answered, fifteen or twenty pagnotte, with milk and ricotta, besides cheese. The strangers said, that would not suit them, they must have animal food. The shepherds said, they had none, as they very well knew, for that such luxuries did not belong to poor men. Their visitors then ordered them to kill a sheep from the fold; but to this the shepherds objected, on account of the displeasure of their masters, to whom they were answerable for the flocks; and said that if a sheep were missed, they would infallibly be beaten, or perhaps dismissed. Upon this the armed men whistled, and were instantly joined by ten others, whose presence reconciled the shepherds to the loss of their sheep; and one chosen by the gang was immediately killed, skinned, and dressed. While the brigands, for such the unwelcome visitors were, were eating the first sheep, with the bread they found

ready at the sheep-cote, they caused another to be killed; and two centinels, who also acted the part of task-masters, being appointed at the same time masters of the fold, were forced to cut wood, and fetch water, and were narrowly watched to prevent their escape.

Having caroused all night, they sent one of the shepherds early in the morning to Poli for bread, keeping his companions as hostages, and threatening them all with death, if they should mention their having seen them within eight days.

They talked pretty freely with their prisoners about themselves and their habits of life, which they maintained arose from necessity rather than choice. They showed them the heart and picture of the Madonna, which each had suspended from his neck, saying, "We know that we are likely to die "a violent death, but in our hour of need "we have these," touching their muskets, "to struggle for our lives with, and this," kissing the image of the Virgin, "to make "our death easy." This mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most horrific features in the character of the banditti of Italy. Nor is it confined to them only;

when a man who has led a bad life begins to feel remorse of conscience, and to despair of pardon hereafter, the vulgar belief that a death on the scaffold, where the priest attends to whisper absolution into the ear of the culprit, as the axe descends, is a sure road to Heaven, has been known to induce the poor wretch to commit some heinous crime, that he may gain that happiness, by a violent and disgraceful death, which he fears he has forfeited by a sinful life. If it were possible, might it not be politic to deprive murderers, at least, of absolution at the point of death?

The shepherd who gave us the account of the appearance of the banditti on the hill, recognised among them several of the companions of the noted De Cesaris, who was shot by a soldier, near Terracina, some months before. In 1817, he paid a predatory visit to these mountains, robbed the poor people of Guadagnola of great part of their stock of winter provisions, and for some time posted himself on the hill behind San Gregorio. The shepherd had his flock there at the time, and the brigands came to the fold, entered the hut, as they did near

Poli, and made free with the sheep and provisions in the same manner. The dress was in rather better condition, but of the same kind. De Cesaris himself carried paper, pens, and ink, in a case in his shoulder-belt; and, besides the Madonna, he had a crystal hung to his neck, with which "he took the light out of men's eyes," and thus easily overcame them. It was curious to find this humble copy of Rogero's enchanted mirror among the mountain shepherds; but, like all uncivilized people, they believe in enchantments, and most of them regarded De Cesaris as no mean wizard. In fact, he and many of his companions were men of some education and natural understanding. While their grosser fellows were gambling and dancing, they amused themselves with books; on this occasion, one of them read aloud from some old romance in rhyme, the others sitting round and laughing, or attending seriously, as the nature of the subject was grave or gay; thus the night passed. In the morning De Cesaris took out his writing materials, and having asked the herd his master's name, wrote to him, on pain of having all his

hill destroyed, to send him two hundred pagnotte, fifty pints of wine, two sides of bacon, and a quantity of cheese; signing his order with his own name, and inserting that of the shepherd and his place of abode, as if it were an official paper. However, when he considered that these provisions could not be conveyed from Poli, without attracting the attention of the soldiers posted at San Gregorio, he tore up his order; and "I," said the shepherd, "was well pleased, that my master's property and my own very particular trouble should be spared."

To return, however, to the troop that more immediately interested us: there was among it one man from the neighbourhood, a shepherd, whose master had treated him rather cruelly, and who said that he thought it high time to call upon him and thank him for his courtesy; this observation being repeated to him, he was, of course, careful not to go out of the town gates alone, unarmed, or on foot. However, the brigands made him pay for his safety, and that of his flocks, for they sent him an order to provide a number of velvet suits, linen shirts and drawers, and stout

great coats, and to deposit them at a certain spot by a given time, on pain of losing his cattle on the hills. He sent a message to Rome, to enquire of the government if his property would be protected or guaranteed to him if he refused to supply the robbers, or if he should supply the robbers with the clothing required; the answer was such as to induce him to provide the articles demanded by the appointed day.

The mareschal having arrived from Palestrina, in consequence of the message of the Gonfaloniere of Poli, the civic guard was called out, and a singular scene presented itself as we looked from our windows. The mareschal, with a single horse-pistol stuck in his ammunition-belt, was walking up and down in consultation with the principal inhabitants of the place; for there was a pretty general expectation that the brigands would collect in greater numbers, and attempt to enter Poli that night. By-and-bye twelve or fourteen young men joined them, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces, of many a various construction; these formed the civic guard. Some of the guns were their own, others belonged to

government, and were lent for the occasion. About ten o'clock the party went to a little platform just without the principal gate, which usually serves as a play-ground for the children, to fire at a mark, and try their powder, regardless of the spot being exactly within sight of the enemy's camp. At length they set out in pursuit of the brigands; but, as we afterwards learned, with little hope or intention of doing more than driving them from their immediate haunt in the neighbourhood, and perhaps alarming them; for many had gone out without powder and shot, and few with more than a second charge. Shortly after their departure, a party of about two hundred men, who had been out to collect and drive in the cattle from the hill, entered the town, with such shouts of joy and triumph, that we thought our guard had met with and routed some detachment of the brigands; but we soon discovered the very unusual sight of a herd of fat oxen, with cows and fine calves, or rather heifers, running down the street followed by their drivers, and accompanied by all the women and children of the town. Towards night a lieutenant,

with a very small party of His Holiness's soldiers entered the town, in consequence of a message sent to Tivoli the night before they were intended to assist the town-guard, and created an unusual degree of bustle. The lodging and victualling them did not seem to be a matter very easily adjusted, nor indeed very agreeable. Their gay dresses and trained step formed no small contrast with the rustic air and coarse clothing of our old friends; and the superiority they assumed seemed by no means pleasing to the Polese. At length, the lanterns, which had been moving up and down the street, at least two hours later than they had ever done before, dropped off one by one, the expected attack on the town was forgotten, and the night passed quietly as usual.

Early next morning, another party of the townsmen, accompanied by most of the soldiers, set out in search of the brigands, and in the afternoon the party of the day before returned. They had found the lair of the robbers yet warm; the grass was trodden down: fragments of bread and other food, mingled with remnants of cloth

ing, torn and cut packs of cards, and broken ornaments, lay strewed about the ground. The skin of a sheep was hanging on a tree; and every thing bore the marks of a very hasty removal. The guard found a shepherd with some dressed meat, and employed in making sandals of a kid's skin; this, as the shepherds are not allowed animal food, they taxed him with having killed for the brigands; but he asserted that he had taken it from the mouth of a wolf who had been at the flock the night before. They were obliged to believe the man, and to leave him where they found him, however they might be inclined to put that part of a recent order in execution, which condemns persons aiding the robbers to imprisonment. They slept at Guadagnola, and came home by Capranica, not having seen any thing of the enemy.

At night we went to pay a visit to Don Pedro, the priest of the Madonna della Pietà. His sister is called here a saint: she has some taste of literature, but more of superstition; and had there been a nunnery in the neighbourhood, where she could occasionally have seen her father and

brothers, she would long ago have taken the veil. The premature death of a maiden lady of the family of the dukes of Poli, who was much attached to this good woman, prevented the foundation of a small religious house, where they were both to have ended their days. The death of her patroness has cast a kind of gentle twilight gloom on the spirits of the saint, who already considers her vow as passed to heaven, and lives only to do good, and keep herself unspotted from the world.

Don Pedro cultivates music; and we found in his little library many excellent books on subjects by no means belonging to the narrow-minded part of his brethren. Many of the principal men of Poli were at his house, and the discourse naturally turned upon the occurrences of the day. Every body was of opinion that one of the best measures would be to punish severely whoever should convey provisions to the hills. They imagined, also, that since the regular forces have been found hitherto insufficient to dislodge the banditti, if each township were permitted to defend itself, and the people allowed arms, that they would soon

be dispersed. Although we could not agree with them that these means would be quite sufficient to clear Italy of these marauders, we could not help acknowledging, that, as far as the security of the inhabitants of the mountain districts is concerned, they might be most useful. We were astonished at the general freedom of the remarks of these good people upon the Papal government, not only with regard to the compositions entered into with the robbers, which only quiet them one year, to make them more audacious the next, but as to the general police of the country; and could easily perceive, that however agreeable the return of His Holiness and the purple princes * may be to the capital, the country by no means shares the sentiment.

The direction taken by the banditti, on the two following days, was by no means certain, and we began to hope they had left the neighbourhood. But on the morning after, some women having reported that they heard a whistling in a deep glen, with-

* *Porporati* is the proper title of the cardinals. The people here call them the *berettè rosse*, *red night-caps*.

in a mile of the town on the road towards Palestrina, the civic guard was ordered out in pursuit, and one of our party determined to accompany it. A soldier and a spy headed the little troop. As soon as they got out of the town, and reached the wood, the soldier directed them to march in Indian file. Though the result of this third expedition was as unsuccessful as that of the others, the danger, or at least the apprehension of it, was sufficient to show the temper of the people. As they approached the suspected spot, strict silence was kept. A woman who acted as guide at length stopped, and the party began to descend into a deep defile, with the utmost caution, and great difficulty. It was a romantic spot: the bed of a river, at this season almost dry; and one of the men, as he looked fearfully round, whispered, "This is indeed a place for banditti." In the absence of the robbers themselves, the peasants climbing among the loose stones at the bottom made a picturesque addition to the natural wildness of the scene. Here some of the people were observed to lag, to the great distress of the foremost, who [illegible]

C. L. E. delt. Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, 1820. I. Clark. sculp.

ed, "Per Dio quelli ci lasciano."* The sides of the ravine, where not rocky, are clothed with large chesnut trees and brushwood, so that the danger of the situation, supposing the brigands to be concealed among the trees, reduced the soldiers to look for a convenient place to ascend. There was a steep, narrow, sloping field, planted with maize, with chesnut trees on each side: the troops climbed up to it in silence, and the soldier directed the men to lower their muskets, that they might not be seen over the top of the brushwood. The spy, who was foremost, advanced towards the trees, half raised his musket, and then stepped back to the soldier and whispered, which made the people believe they had found the robbers; and one of them said "Per Cristo eccoli quà†," and hesitated. The wood was entered, but nothing found there; and the rest of the march was only a repetition of the same cautious walk. The spy who had left the company to examine a narrow path, was nearly shot by one of the men, who heard a rustling among the

By heaven, these fellows are leaving us.
By heaven, here they are.

leaves. A smoke at a distance, which at first gave some alarm, turned out to be nothing but some chaff which a peasant was burning. At length they arrived at the top of the hill, between Poli and Capranica, a station where they resolved to wait for another division of the townsmen, which had gone round by a different road. At length they appeared, but neither party liked to approach the other till a certain red jacket was recognized, when they joined, and returned the shortest way home. While the first party had waited under the trees for the other, centinels had been posted all round, at a hundred yards' distance. The rest amused themselves by climbing for squirrels' nests, and telling stories of one another, from which it appeared that more than one of them had escaped from prison for attempts at assassination. One in particular, who seemed a kind of harlequin among them, had had more than one hair-breadth 'scape when the sbirri were in pursuit of him. On one occasion he had escaped by leaping from a high window; and to prove that he had lost none of his agility, he diverted himself with climbing up the

extremities of the high chesnut boughs, and dropping off them to the ground.

Shortly after the return of the guard, we found that the banditti had really been in an opposite direction, on the heights of San Gregorio, whence they had taken a quantity of bread and wine. We, therefore, went out and took a short walk without the gates. The near fields were more than usually peopled; for several small flocks and a few head of cattle had been driven in from the hills, that they might go into the town at night for protection. We observed, that the boy who went daily to cut wood for the baker had muffled the bell that hung round his ass's neck, to keep him from wandering too far, in order to prevent the noise from betraying his master. The farmers who had occasion to go to the threshing floors, all went well mounted, and with an attendant or two. On going home, we learned that a surgeon, and two or three other persons, had been seized by the brigands, and carried to the mountains, in order to obtain a ransom. They were inhabitants of Castel Madama, a small town near Tivoli, and so named from Margaret of Austria, daughter of

Charles V.* The surgeon was on his way from Castel Madama to Tivoli, to visit a patient: the others were taken to prevent their giving information too early of the road taken by the banditti.

This news necessarily increased the consternation of the householders of Poli, who now resolved to make every effort to assemble and arm the young men of the town. Nevertheless, in passing through the little square in our way home, we found the government proclamation against Sonnino torn down, and the programma for the amusements of Saint Agapet's day at Palestrina put up in its place. At night a small detachment of Polese, which had been sent to join the people of Casapa, in an attempt to drive the banditti from San Gregorio, where the tocsin had been sounded on the capture of the people from Castel Madama,

* Castel Madama, formerly Saint Angelo, was named after Madame Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V., married first to Alexander de Medici, and then to Octavio Farnese, by whom she had Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma. The beautiful villa, under Monte Mario, beyond the villa Millini, near Rome, called Villa Madama, is also named after that same lady.

returned. They were sent back without attempting to do any thing, as it was feared that any open measures taken against the robbers, before the ransom was paid, would endanger the lives of the prisoners.

Early on the morning of the 18th of August, Saint Agapet's day, such of the people of Poli as resolved to brave the danger of meeting the brigands, for the sake of selling their goods at Palestrina, or even for the sake of amusement, assembled in two bodies, amounting together to about two hundred and fifty persons. One party preceded the other about half an hour, and both set off before day break. As the sun arose, the last company were so alarmed that they began to think of returning home, seeing a number of persons through the trees, whom they at first took for robbers, but the sight of the women's white head clothes satisfied them that they were townsfolk; and the two parties joined, and met with nothing further to startle them on the road. Shortly after they left Poli it was known that all the poor prisoners had been dismissed by the banditti; but those from whom they could hope to extort a ransom

were detained. About noon a report reached us that one of the captives had been barbarously murdered; and towards night, as it had been ascertained at Tivoli that the surgeon, the only remaining prisoner, was safe, an order came to Poli for all the force it was possible to assemble, to keep the pass of Guadagnola, towards Poli, as every other avenue, by which the brigands could escape from the station they had now taken up behind Mentorella, was supposed to be sufficiently guarded.

This order arrived about sun-set. Most of the men were absent at Palestrina, so that the boys and old people were collected in the street to choose out of. Their wives, mothers, and grandmothers came out, each with their lantern, to beg that her husband or child might be left to guard her house, in case the robbers, taking advantage of the absence of the strong men, should attack the town. The families who possessed arms refused to lend them to the guard, and as it appeared that the night was likely to be wasted in altercations, the magistrates and the officer, who still remained in the town, resolved to enter the houses forcibly.

and take what arms they could find. Two or three houses were accordingly entered, but it consumed the time equally, and the guns were so well concealed that there was little chance of obtaining enough to arm the few men they could provide; therefore they resolved to wait till the morning, when the men would be returned from Palestrina. The scene in the street where all public business is transacted was not only quite new to us, but curious in itself. The armed and the unarmed, the willing and the unwilling, were all vociferating at once: the women were going about with their infants in one hand and a lantern in the other; now aggravating, now quieting the disputants. The people from the feast came dropping in, laden with their nuts or other fairings, and mostly half intoxicated, all mingling together, and talking of danger from banditti, to be apprehended that night, or to be provided against next day, without ever considering, that while they were disputing, the ruffians would escape in any direction they chose. Such was the evening of the eighteenth. The morning of the nineteenth was not much more orderly.

The men, indeed, sober, and in earnest, for this time, had armed themselves well, were leaving the town in greater numbers than we had yet seen assembled. Their wives and children, believing there was now some real danger, were sitting lamenting in groups about the street; but they might have spared themselves the pain. The great pass had been left unguarded for more than twelve hours. Half that time would have sufficed the brigands, with their active habits, to have escaped to a distance, far out of the reach of pursuit.

CHAP. VIII.

My mates that make their will their law
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ESCAPE FROM POLI TO TIVOLI. — STATE OF TIVOLI. — VARIOUS REPORTS OF THE BANDITTI. — LETTER OF THE SURGEON OF CASTEL MADAMA.

However curious or interesting it might be, for a short time, to see a town with twelve hundred inhabitants kept in continual alarm by a handful of robbers, the number of those who occupied our immediate neighbourhood never exceeding thirteen, though the main body was one hundred and thirty strong, we began to be weary of imprisonment within its narrow walls, where there were neither magistrates to protect us, nor society to make up for the loss of the enjoyment we had experienced in wandering, unrestrained, through the beautiful country around. We therefore resolved to try whether we could not reach Tivoli in safety, and occupy at least a larger prison. We accordingly hired

twelve armed peasants to accompany us; and one of the principal inhabitants of Poli volunteered to go with us. The peasants were hired for a little more pay than they would have received as a government guard; and they were not told to which of the neighbouring towns we were going, lest any information might reach the brigands, who might have way-laid us in consequence. We were three,—the writer, her husband, and a friend, besides our servant, a Caffre, from the Mozambique channel, who insisted on marching first with a long gun, and whose appearance, the peasants observed, would most probably frighten any robbers we might meet; a black man being so rare here that something almost supernatural is attached to his appearance. *

About day-break, therefore, on the 21st, we left Poli and its kind-hearted inhabitants, who, during our stay amongst them, had done all their rustic means afforded to gratify and accommodate us. Our guard was on foot. We were mounted on coun-

* Both at Tivoli and at Poli the poor fellow was scarcely able to walk out in the street in peace, the mothers bringing such tribes of children to him to be kissed, as a charm against certain infantile diseases.

try horses, accommodated with a kind of pack-saddle, and we had a mule laden with our baggage. Instead of going to Tivoli by the short mountain-road, we were advised by our guide, the Guardia Campestre, to go towards Rome as far as Corcolla, where we could strike into the road from Frascati to Tivoli, and thus avoid the most dangerous of the mountain-passes by San Gregorio, and also the difficulties, and even perils of the middle road by the aqueducts; as the neighbourhood both of the Ponte Lupo and the Ponte Sant' Antonio are favourite stations of the brigands. Accordingly, we set out across the plain below Poli; and, as it is wide and clear, there was no danger of a surprize, and we marched as we pleased, and many a story of the brigands was told. The father of the young man who volunteered to go with us had been mayor of Poli under the French government, and he talked a great deal of the methods employed against the banditti by the French. Among others, he said that whenever a party of the civic guard was sent to the hills to pursue them, an equal number of French soldiers ac-

companied them, with orders to shoot any peasant who should fall back, or show the slightest disposition to favour the robbers. The shepherds who supplied them with any kind of provisions were severely punished; and methods were taken to prevent any person from carrying a greater quantity of provisions into the fields than was absolutely necessary for his own consumption while at work. The banditti are dreaded by their neighbours, on account of their implacability, and the certainty with which they take revenge. One of the mayors of Faïola, during the French government, had published the order for levying conscripts within his district. He received a kind of round-robin, desiring him, as he valued his life, to desist from all attempts to take any of the inhabitants of a particular village. The magistrate disregarded the threat, and proceeded, at the head of a party of soldiers, to enforce the orders of government; but scarcely had he entered a little thicket, which lay in his way, when a rifle-ball entered his forehead, and he fell dead to the earth. The soldiers instantly surrounded the thicket, but the assassin had escaped, nor could the offer of

the highest reward procure any intelligence concerning him. In such talk as this, now and then interrupted by the alarm taken by some of our people at the reports of the guns of some persons who were shooting quails along the road, we reached the little wood that clothes the descent from the high plain we had crossed, to the level of the Campagna. Here the guide first told the men where they were going, and then marshalled us in order. Our fire-arms consisted of fifteen guns, some muskets, some fowling-pieces, two of them double-barrelled, and two pair of pistols. The Guardia Campestre and spy wore long knives openly; the rest of the people professed to have none, as they are forbidden by law; but many of them were known to wear them concealed. Half the guard, marching one by one, was sent on before; ourselves and the baggage occupied the centre; and the rest of the peasants followed. However, we met with nothing to alarm us; and, as the morning was fine, and the wood in great beauty, our ride was very agreeable. At Corcolla we entered that part of the Via Collatina which leads

towards Tivoli. The little river Acqua Nera runs nearly parallel with it. The banks are flat, but the hills and brushwood, on each side of its little valley, are sufficiently picturesque as a fore-ground, where the distance is formed by the Campagna of Rome, and the neighbouring Appenine. There was no want of cultivation on the banks of the little rivulet; but the ground did not appear to be nearly so fertile as the territory of Poli. The maize, the only remaining crop standing, was poor and dwarfish. The hedges were very beautiful: they consisted of maple, willow, spindle-tree, reeds, broom, and the common bramble, the undergrowth, smilax, ivy, a variety of geraneums, two or three kinds of cestus, especially the white shrubby, potentillas, both shrubby and creeping, an innumerable variety of vetches, convolvoluses of every hue, the butcher's broom, with its berries just formed; and the service, wild medlar, and wild apple overtopping the whole. At length we reached a little glade, sheltered by a hill, called San Stefano, near the boundary of Hadrian's Villa, and where there are some

masses of antique masonry that have not yet found a name. There, a little wooden cross, erected among the grass, attracted our attention. The guide said it marked the spot where, two years ago, when De Cesaris and his party were encamped in this glade, they had murdered a man. The cross is fixed in such places in this country to claim a prayer from the traveller for the soul of one who, it is supposed, had not time allowed him to perform the last Christian duties, and to receive the last Christian consolations.

Half an hour after we had passed the cross we reached the gate of Tivoli, where we found one of the townsmen mounting guard. When it was known in the town that we had come from Poli by the lower road, we were eagerly congratulated on our safety; for the brigands had spent the night in Hadrian's Villa, and must have seen us pass; but, as our muskets outnumbered theirs, they did not think it worth while to risk a struggle for so insignificant a prey. Indeed, they seldom take foreigners, or any persons from whom they cannot expect a speedy ransom.

We had scarcely been half an hour in Tivoli when the people who had accompanied us from Poli were required to join the Tiburtines in pursuit of the outlaws, who were seen crossing the hills behind the town; and we soon discovered that Tivoli was in a state of still greater consternation than the little town we had left. We found no difficulty in gratifying the curiosity we naturally felt concerning the capture and release of the surgeon of Castel Madama; and we contrived to see several of the persons who had been taken at the same time, on the day after our arrival. The man who had carried up his ransom was the most interesting. He was an old grey-headed peasant, and was taken early on the same day with the surgeon. His spirit and good humour pleased the robbers, and, as it afterwards appeared, was of service to the poor son of Esculapius. They chose this old man to convey his letter, begging ransom might be sent; and, as he left them, he said, "*Figli miei*, (my sons,) "be good to this man, for he is a good "man, and deserves it." They promised they would, and said, "Since you call us

sons, you shall be tata," (daddy); and afterwards, when he returned from his first message, and found them eating some fresh mutton, which, on account of his want of teeth, he could not chew, they said, " Wait " a little, and we will have something for " tata also ;" upon which the chief sliced some liver and kidney, and, spitting it on a ramrod, roasted it for him.

A goatherd, who had once been kept forcibly with a party of banditti, told us, that one of their chiefs had formerly been an acquaintance of his. This man had accidentally committed homicide, and, afraid of the consequences, had fled to Conca, in the kingdom of Naples, from the states of the church. There, being without a passport, he was taken up and imprisoned; but, by the grace of the Virgin, and of Saint John Baptist, he had escaped to the woods: there, after wandering a month, and being almost starved, he met the banditti, who invited him to join them. To this he, nothing loth, consented, when, to try his manhood, they gave him a piece of flesh roasted to eat, telling him it was part of a Christian's heart. " It might have

" been two hearts," said the ruffian ; " but " I would have eaten it." He had to perform a noviciate of two years, hewing wood, drawing water, and performing other menial offices; but, a year ago, he figured as the chief of a party among them.

The last is a pretty fair specimen of the stories told and believed of the origin of most of the principal outlaws. Every day, while we remained at Tivoli, brought some new particulars concerning their marches. It was ascertained, that the whole number amounted to about one hundred and forty, divided into companies, not exceeding twenty in each, for the sake of more easy subsistence. The head-quarters appeared to be at Rio Freddo, and in the woods of Subiaco. Their spies, and those who bought provisions for them, were lavishly paid, and the instances of any information being given against them were very rare. On one occasion, however, they had seized a ploughman belonging to Rio Freddo, and, after beating him, they had sent him to his house to fetch a few dollars, as the price of his future security while at work. On his way, he met the hunters belonging to Subiaco,

and gave them notice of the situation of the robbers. They desired him to fetch his money, and go to the appointed place with it, and if he found them still there, to leave a mark at a particular tree. Meantime they took measures for surrounding the lair, and having done so, waited patiently till the poor man had paid his money and made the mark agreed on; and this they were more careful to do, as, had the brigands suspected he had given information, they would certainly have put him to death. As soon as he was safe, the hunters drew close round the enemy, who were seven in number, and fired: two were killed on the spot, and the five others, of whom one was found dead of his wounds near the place next day, left their fire-arms, and concealed themselves in the thicket of Arcinuzzo, between Rio Freddo and Subiaco.

Every evening the episcopal church-bell rang at Tivoli, to set the guards at the different bridges leading to the town, as the people were in nightly expectation that the brigands would enter it in search of provisions, with which the shepherds had become rather shy of supplying them, since

two or three had been taken up, and imprisoned for so doing. On the night of the 21st or 22d, seven robbers had gone to San Vetturino, armed chiefly with bludgeons, and had taken nearly all the bread in the town, but had not touched any of the inhabitants, who, in fact, are scarcely rich enough to afford much ransom. But the most enterprising gang lingered about Tivoli, where there are a number of rich proprietors, who might have furnished a considerable booty. *

A few days after we arrived at Tivoli, we were fortunate enough to meet the Signor

After we returned to Rome, we learned, that the same gang had seized the arch-priest of Vicovaro, whose nephew, having offered some resistance, was killed on the spot. The ransom demanded for the priest and a friend was so exorbitant, that it could not be raised, on which the ruffians sent their ears to their families, and afterwards some of their fingers. At length, tired of waiting, and, perhaps, irritated by the complaints of the two prisoners, they murdered them. There is a sort of ferocious jollity among these brigands, more shocking, perhaps, than their actual cruelty. They had stripped the priest of his robes and clerical hat, two or three days before they killed him: one of their number put on the sacerdotal clothing, and substituted for it his own, with his high-crowned hat, which they forced the poor man to wear.

Cherubini, the surgeon of Castel Madama, of whose adventures we had heard so much. He kindly related to us every particular of his capture and liberation, and allowed us to write it down. We afterwards procured an account, written by himself to a friend, which we transcribe, with such little additions from his own verbal communication, as appear to give a greater interest to the narrative, because they are little traits of character, which escaped from the good doctor, in speaking, but which he probably did not think of sufficient consequence to write.

Letter of the Surgeon of Castel Madama.

" Castel Madama, August 30. 1819.

" I send you the detailed account you requested of the misfortune which befel me on the 17th current. Early in the morning of that day, the factor of the Cavaliere Settimio Bischi, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house, with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance as a surgeon being necessary, both to

Signor Gregorio Celestine and to the nun sister, Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account, I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback, accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli. I passed through all the parish of San Gregorio, and that of Tivoli, as far as the second arch of the antique aqueducts, which cross the road two miles from that town, to a spot commonly called the Narrows of Tivoli, without accident. And here I must observe, that it is impossible for the road, by its natural position, to be better adapted for banditti, or more terrible to travellers. After passing the bridge *degli Archi*, on the way to Tivoli, it is bounded on the left by a steep hill, covered with thick underwood, which reaches to the very edge of the road; the other side is a continued precipice of great height, and quite perpendicular to the plain, through which the Anio runs below. The breadth of this road is very little more than sufficient for a carriage, so that it is not possible to perceive the danger, which may easily be concealed in the thicket above, nor to fly from it on

either side when it bursts out upon one, and, therefore, one must inevitably become the victim of lawless violence.

"I had scarcely passed the second arch of the antique aqueducts, when two armed men suddenly rushed out from the thicket, near a little lane to the left, and stopped the way; and pointing their guns at the factor, who was riding a little before me, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former. We had both dismounted on the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back instantly, and to walk before them, not by the road to Castel Madama, but that to San Gregorio.

"The first question they asked me, was, whether I was the Prince of Castel Madama, meaning, I fancy, the Vice-Prince, who had passed a little before. To this, I answered that I was not the prince, but a poor surgeon of Castel Madama; and to convince them that I spoke truth, I showed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments; but it was of no use. During our walk towards San Gregorio, I

perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march, we met, at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after, we met another man, and an old woman, whose ear-rings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey.

" In the meadows by the last aqueduct, the horses which Bartolomeo and I had ridden, were turned loose, and after passing the ravine, called *della Valcatore*, we began to climb the steepest part of the mountain with such speed, that, together with the alarm I felt, made me pant so violently, that I trembled every moment least I should burst a blood-vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the hill, where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. The factor Marasca then talked a good deal to the brigands; showed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him

apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed me, that I was betrayed by him.

" The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet-case by me, said that he had reflected on my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli to attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that same stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought pen, ink, and paper; and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that the presence of thirteen assassins, and the fear of death, could inspire. While I was writing, he sent two of his men to take a man, who was plowing, a little lower down: he belonged to San Gregorio; but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they came, I begged the man of

Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini; and, in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted, as a token. This countryman, who was as civil as he was wary, prudent, and fit for the business, accepted the commission which I gave him, and after having given me some encouragement without however offending the brigands, he gave me some bread which he had with him, and set off for Tivoli, the chief desiring him to take one of the horses we had left below, that he might make more speed. The ploughman from San Gregorio was sent with him, but not quite to Tivoli, and only to await at a given spot the return of the peasant of Castel Madama.

" We were remaining in the same place, in expectation of the return of the messenger, when, in about three hours' time, we saw at a distance a man on horseback, coming straight to us, which we believed to be the man returning. A little after, however, several people were seen together, which the chief took to be the armed force of Tivoli. He abused one of his com-

panions who had broken his spy-glass the day before, because he could not obtain a more satisfactory view of them. At length, having made the best observations he could, he concluded that there was really an armed force advancing, and gave orders to his men to retire to the highest and most woody part of the mountain, obliging me and the other prisoners to keep pace with them. After a long and painful march, finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but as he still delayed, the chief came to me, and said, that perhaps it might happen to me as it did to a certain inhabitant of Veletri, who had been taken by this very party, who entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a forerunner of my own speedy death.

"However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Mean-

time, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking about carelessly among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures; but he did not speak. Shortly after, he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he rose and cried, 'I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life,' and thus saying, he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him; a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have

lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into its sheath; then turning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these very words: 'Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro *; such as you are not sbirri; then, he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief seeing that the money did not come from Tivoli, and being afraid least troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do, and said to his companions, 'How shall we dispose of our prisoners? We must either kill them, or send them home;' but they could not decide on either, and he came and sat down by me. I, remembering that I had a little money about me, which might amount altogether

* Sbirro, government spy, and at the same time, soldier and constable. Before the Revolution, they were the only police-officers, and were terrible in proportion as they were secret; and no man knew whether his own brother might not be one. The French disbanded them. They have been lately re-established.

to thirty pauls, (3 *crowns*,) gave them frankly to him, to gain his good will. He took it in good part, and said he would keep it to pay the spy.

"After this it came on to rain very heavily: it was already twenty-one o'clock, (about four in the afternoon, English time,) and I was wet to the skin. Before the rain was quite over, we heard some voices from the top of the hill above us on the left hand. Then a strict silence was kept, that we might discover if they were the voices of the messengers from Tivoli, or some party of the troops, of whom they seemed much afraid. I endeavoured to convince them that it was probably the messenger. They then called out, 'Come down,' but no one came; nor did we ever find out who it was, so we remained where we were.

"After another short interval, we heard another voice also from above, on the left; and then we said, Surely this must be the messenger. But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and even with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them; and

thus prepared to stand on the defensive, they cried out, 'Come forward.' In a few moments the men appeared among the trees; one of them the peasant of Castel Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini at Tivoli; the other, the ploughman of San Gregorio, his companion. As soon as they were recognised, they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castle Madama answered, 'It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue, after climbing these mountains, with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostrate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money: it was all that could be got together in the town.' Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters; being answered that there were two, he gave them to me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding the number exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him

some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present.

"The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get any thing, released them all at this spot. I, therefore, with the peasant of Castle Madama, remained the only prisoner; and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. I asked, why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief answered, that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama; and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me, and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also

said to me by another outlaw, who gave me his arm during our rocky journey. At length we reached the top of a mountain, where there were some pools of water, formed by the rain that had fallen a little before; and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times; but I found it impossible to eat the bread.

"The journey continued over the tops of those mountains which succeed one another, till we arrived at a place known by the name of S. Sierla, about midnight. There we saw an ass feeding, and heard some one call to us, to ask if we had seen the ass. The chief, in a feigned voice, answered, Yes; and then made the man from Castel Madama desire him to come down to the ass. It appeared that the man was afraid to come down; for which reason the chief said, that if he were near enough, he would have stuck his knife into him. Piqued that the shepherd was afraid of them, he said, 'Did one ever hear of a shepherd being afraid of the brigands?' When the man at length came down, they reproached him with his fear; but he, taking courage,

said he was not afraid, and invited them to his hut. The ass was then taken, and a great coat put upon his back, with a shepherd's coat of sheep-skin, upon which I was mounted, and we went on to the hut, where there was a threshing-floor. When we arrived, we found a large fire, where the chief told me to undress myself, and dry my clothes. He himself helped me in this operation; and as soon as I was dry, they laid a great coat on the ground, and placed a bag for a pillow, that I might lie down near the fire.

"They then asked if there were any sheep-fold near, and finding there was, they sent to fetch some sheep. One was brought, which was soon killed; and while they were skinning it, overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep, and when I awoke the sheep was already eaten, and all the robbers, except the chief and the centinels, asleep. But the chief had reserved some slices of meat, which he had spitted on his ramrod, and roasted himself to give me, telling me at the same time that there was no salt. I could scarcely force myself to swallow a few morsels, and gave the rest to the Castel

Madama peasant who was near me; but I drank a little wine, which they found in a small barrel at the threshing-floor.

"This was the only time I saw them drink any thing but water. The chief told me they were always afraid when fresh wine came, least it should be drugged; and that they always made whoever brought it drink a good deal of it; and if in two hours no bad symptoms appeared, they used the wine.

"After this,' we went to the sheep-fold, which we reached about the fifth hour; and where we found a quantity of boiled meat, which the brigands tied up in various handkerchiefs, and a great coat, together with some cheeses. Before we left the fold, the chief, reflecting that the messenger was not come back from Castel Madama, began to think he might have made his escape entirely, because he was one of the prisoners from San Gregorio, determined to make me write another letter, and accordingly brought me all that was requisite for writing; and ordered me to tell my friends at Castel Madama, that if they did not send eight hundred crowns on the following

day, they would put me to death; or carry me to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than the above-named sum.' I consequently wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also, by word of mouth, that if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire they might be sent to Tivoli, and sold for whatever they would fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with the letter to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but he, with his usual coolness, said, that it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during the night, on which the chief told him he might remain in the sheep-cote all night, and set out at day-light: — 'But, take notice,' said he, 'if you do not return at the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, with the eight hundred crowns, you may go about your business, but we shall throw

Cherubini into some pit.' The peasant tried to persuade them that, perhaps, it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town, at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief answered, that they had no time to waste, and that, if he had not returned next day, by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini.

"After they had given their orders, they left the countryman at the sheep-fold, to wait for day-light, before he set out for Castel Madama, which was above three miles from it. The brigands then set off, carrying me with them, and obliging a shepherd to carry the great coat, in which they had wrapped up the cold meat and cheese. And now, instead of the low thicket, which it was so difficult to walk through, we came to fine, tall timber-trees, where the road was comparatively smooth, except where a fallen tree, here and there, lay across it. At this moment I was overcome by fear, in consequence of the new threats I had heard, to kill me the next day, if the whole sum of eight hundred crowns was not brought by the twentieth

hour; for I thought it quite impossible that so much money could be collected in Castel Madama. I therefore recommended myself to God, and begged him to have compassion on my wretched state, when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and, taking me by the arm, he assisted me to walk, and said, 'Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man from Castel Madama, I assure you that to-morrow, as soon as he returns, you shall go home free, however small the sum that he brings may be. Be of good cheer, therefore, and do not distress yourself.' At that moment I felt such comfort from the assurances of the outlaw, that he appeared to me to be an angel from Heaven; and, without thinking why I should not, I kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for his unexpected kindness.

"When we again reached the thicket, and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep. I had the skins to rest on as before, and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great-coat, and he and the second chief lay on

C.E.E. del.t Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, 1820. I. Clark sculp.

COSTUME of the BRIGANDS.

each side of me. Two sentinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the centinels came, and gave notice of day-break. Come again, when it is lighter,' said the chief; and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands, and dozed a little, till I was rouzed by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and, in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect on me. I started, and said, 'What bird was that?' They answered, 'A hawk.' 'Thank God,' I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings, I cannot forget the stinging and humming of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but, after the death of poor Marasca, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience. A little after this we all arose, and walked on for about an hour, when we came to a little open space, in the midst of the thicket,

where the brigands began to eat their cold meat, inviting me to join them; but I only took a little new cheese, without bread. After they had breakfasted, they lay down to sleep, the second chief giving me his great-coat to wrap myself in, as the ground was damp. While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour they all arose, and filed off, one by one, to a higher station, leaving a single sentinel to guard me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some new resolution about my life, and that the new sentinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution: but he very soon said to me, 'Be cheerful, for to-night you will be at home;' which gave me some comfort; but, as I could not entirely trust them, I had still an internal fear, which, however, I endeavoured to hide. Shortly afterwards, we were called to

join the rest, our station being now on the mountain, commonly called *Colle Picione*, not very far from the ancient sanctuary of Mentorella. There we remained the rest of the day, only going out of the way once, on the approach of a flock of goats, that we might not be seen; but we soon returned.

"Then the second chief, who said he was of Sonnino, and one of the five who went to treat with the president of Frosinone, began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in putting them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks, without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them, were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying, that the only way to put an end to

their depredations would be to give them a general pardon, without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses, without fear of treachery; but, otherwise, they would not trust to nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded any thing with the prelate sent to Frosinone to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the Pope's own lips; and he repeated this same sentiment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows.

"One of the brigands begged me to endeavour to obtain from government the freedom of his wife, *Mariuccia Carcapola di Pisterso*, now in the prison of Saint Michael, in Rome. Another said to me, 'Have patience, Signor Cherubini; we made a blunder when we took you; we intended to have had the Prince, who, according to our information, should have passed by at that very time.' In fact, he was to have travelled that road; and, just before I passed, not the Prince, but the person commonly called so, the Vice-Prince, or agent,

Signor Filippo Gazoni, had gone by, but, fortunately for him, they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy, who was leading his horse. The banditti bit their fingers with rage when they found they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. The brigand who said all this had the collar of the Madonna delle Carmine round his neck, and said to me, 'Suffer patiently, for the love of God.' Then the chief came to me, and told me he was not very well, and desired me to prescribe for him, which I did, in writing. Another, the same who had taken my watch from me, told me that the watch did not go, and showed it me. I found that he had broken the glass and the minute-hand. He said if I had any money he would sell it me; but I gave it him back, saying nothing, but shrugging up my shoulders. Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief, taking out his watch, said it was now twenty o'clock. He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to go back to the sheepfold, which we had

left during the night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to the second letter to Castel Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now in; and if he were not come, he ordered him to wait three hours, and if he did not come then, to return alone. The shepherd obeyed, and, after about an hour and a half, he came back with the countryman and another shepherd, who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns. They also brought a few shirts, of home-spun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat, and a little wine to recruit me. But I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine; the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which they gave me leave to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their civility, and for my life, which they had had the goodness to spare.

"On the way homewards the two men of Castel Madama informed me, that the prisoner from San Gregorio, who was sent, the day before, with the first letter to Castel Madama for money, and who had not been seen since, had really been there, and had gone back the same day, at the hour and to the place appointed, with the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven crowns, sent from Castel Madama; but the robbers having forgotten to send any one to meet him at the place agreed on, because we were a great way from it, the messenger returned to town with the money, after having waited till night, carrying back the intelligence that the factor had been killed, which alarmed all my townsmen, who began to fear for my life. I found that the last six hundred dollars had been furnished, half by Castel Madama, and half by Tivoli.

"I went on towards Castel Madama, where all the people anxiously expected me. In fact, a mile before I reached the town, I found a number of people, of all ranks, who had come out to meet me, and I arrived at home a little before night, in the midst of such public congratulations

and acclamations as were never before heard, which presented a most affecting spectacle. I had hardly arrived when the arch-priest Giustini ordered the bells to be rung, to call the people to the parish-church. On the first sound, all the people flocked thither with me, to render public and devout thanks to the most merciful God, and to our protector, Saint Michael the arch-angel, for my deliverance. The priest had done the same when he first heard of my capture, and soon after, when he sent the six hundred crowns. Both times he had assembled his congregation in that very church, to offer up public supplications to the Lord, to grant me that mercy which he deigned afterwards to show.

" I cannot conclude without saying, that the epoch of this my misfortune will be ever remembered by me. I shall always recollect that the Lord God visited me as a father: for, at the moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he moved the city of Tivoli, and the whole people of Castel Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and sell their goods,

in so short a time, and with such profusion, for my sake. The same epocha will also always remind me what gratitude I owe to those, particularly the Signors Cartoni and Celestini, both Romans, who, with such openness of heart, exerted themselves in my favour. I now pray God that he will preserve me from all the bad consequences which commonly arise out of similar misfortunes; and I am always

"Your affectionate friend,

"EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI."

CHAP. IX.

The country rings aloud with dire alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms.

Cymon and Iphigenia.

Blush as thou may'st, my little book, with shame,
Nor hope with homely *prose* to purchase fame.

The Flower and the Leaf.

REASONS FOR RETURNING TO ROME. — BENEDICTION OF THE CASCADE. — ROAD TO ROME. — TRAVERTINE QUARRIES. — BRIDGES ACROSS THE ANIO. — CONCLUSION.

This account of Signor Cherubini's captivity among the brigands, besides its own strong internal evidence, was confirmed by several of the persons who had been his fellow-prisoners. Indeed his own character stands high in the country, not only as an able surgeon, but a good man; and his reappearance among his patients was hailed with the greatest sincerity. The body of poor Bartolomeo Marasca was found at the gate of San Gregorio, with twenty wounds

inflicted with knives. The brigands, emboldened by success, seemed determined to press closer round the hill-towns. None of the principal inhabitants ventured without the walls, and even the work-people were robbed of their ornaments, and their little savings. Such being the state of this part of the country, we were obliged, though with much regret, to give up some little expeditions we had planned to Cosimato, Subiaco, and other interesting places in that direction, and accordingly we determined to return to Rome early in September.

It was not without regret that we left the lovely scenery of Tivoli so early. Nature here is as fine as when the beauties and the luxuries of Tibur formed the theme of the Latin muses. The splendid villas and graceful temples are perhaps now even more attractive from the charm which time has flung around them, and the partial wilderness which has grown up to overshadow them; and the names which, whether rightly or not, have long been affixed to the rocks and woods, have enriched the neighbourhood of Tivoli with associations

which will never fail to excite a glow in every heart which is not dead to the noblest sentiments of our nature, and in the imagination that is not cold to beauty and to song.

A few days before we returned to Rome, a procession and ceremony took place in unison with the scene, and more perhaps in the spirit of Pagan and poetic times than of these. The oxen and goats, which always come about noon to cool themselves, and drink in the river, had just retired from the long sandy point that runs out just above the great cascade. The bells of all the neighbouring churches and convents were ringing; the windows were hung with silk and tapestry; when the priests, dressed in their robes of ceremony, gold, and purple, and scarlet, followed by the religious confraternities, bearing banners, and images, and crucifixes, appeared in procession, winding along both banks of the river, and crossing the bridge. Having reached the little shrines to the Virgin, which stand one on each side of the top of the cascade, they stopped, and a solemn blessing was pronounced by the chief priest on the water,

that, for the ensuing year, no evil accident might pollute its stream, and no life be lost in its cataracts. As we saw the scene from the windows of the Sybil Inn, the waterfall was between us and the procession; behind were the woody banks of the Anio, on each side the hills of Catillus and Ripoli; and the distance was closed by the Monte Spaccato, and a hill on which some antique masses of building are said to mark the scite of the ancient temple of Cybele.

Our road to Rome left the antique way, which is still occasionally used, and which leads through the great arch in the villa of Mæcenas far to the right. On the right, also, as we left the gate, lay the Villa d'Este, where tradition says, that in company with his friend Cardinal Ippolito, of that house, Ariosto long lived, and wrote great part of his Orlando. Though one knows this to be a fiction, it is one so pleasing, and so suited to the scene, that while walking under the shade of the pines and cypresses of the garden, one willingly encourages the pleasant association of ideas it excites. A little without the gate of Tivoli, a road to the

left leads to Gericomio *: this road is called the Via Carciana, a corruption from the name of the Villa of Cassius, which once adorned the brow of the hill, round which the road winds. There some of the most remarkable statues were found, such as the Apollo Musagetes, and the Muses of the Vatican. Farther on, tradition places the villa of Brutus; but every step is over antique ruins, which only prove the fondness of the ancients for the natural beauties of this favoured spot.

Proceeding down the hill, we passed on the right the sepulchre of the Tosse family, long called the Temple of the Cough (*Tempio della Tosse*). On the left lie the fields, and vineyards, and gardens, which contain the ruins of the villa of Hadrian, more like those of a city than of a villa, where he had collected the deities, and imitated the temples of every nation in the Roman world. The ruins of this pleasure-house of the Cæsars have proved a fertile mine, whence many successive centuries have dug marbles, and statues, and mosaics, and vases, some of

* Anciently Hiericomio, the dwelling of the priests. — See Æschinardi.

which adorn the cabinets of England, Stockholm, and St. Petersburgh; but most have served for the construction or the embellishment of the palaces of Rome.

Beyond the villa, the road crosses the Anio, at the Ponte Lucano, near which stands the tomb of the family of Plautius. Its form and materials are like those of Cecilia Metella. Like that, too, it served as a fortress during the middle ages; and it must have been important, from its situation as a defence to the bridge. Farther on, the pale sulphureous stream of Albula flows from the lakes of the Solfatara under the road. Offensive from its smell, and melancholy in its aspect, its banks are poor and barren, being crusted with the constant deposit of travertine, which here literally grows. The present channel was cut by the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, commonly called the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was made governor of Tivoli, in 1549. The ancient subterraneous channel of the Solfatara was choked up, and the waters had overflowed a considerable tract of the plain around the lakes, where they stagnated and formed a crust, a great deal of which still

remains. The quarries of travertine marble are near this channel: from them the ancients and moderns have equally taken their materials. The Coliseum is crusted with it; and St. Peter's is built of it. On the right, lie the baths of Agrippa, half buried in the accumulating stone. They were erected close to the Solfatara, for the benefit of those who used the sulphureous waters medicinally. But the whole road to Rome is bordered with antique ruins. At a considerable distance, and high above all the rest, that to which tradition has given the name of Zenobia's palace, rises like a hill. It lies within that triangle formed by the base of the mountains, and the courses of the Tiber and Anio (*Tcverone*), which contained Cenina, Nomentum, Crustumerium, Fidenæ, and their dependent villages, and where fifteen of the earliest victories of the Romans were obtained. We left this tract, and recrossed the Anio at the Ponte Mammolo, commonly said to be so named after Mammea, the mother of Alexander Severus; but Æschinardi thinks more probably after Cornelius Mammulus, in the early times of the republic. Like the

Ponte Lucano, it was destroyed by Totila, and rebuilt by Narses, together with the bridges Nomentana, and Salara, beyond which the Anio, after passing by the Mons Sacer, falls into the Tiber.

At the Roman end of the Ponte Mammolo is the camp of Hannibal; and, a little nearer the city, the field of battle whence, after his defeat by Sylla, the younger Marius fled to Preneste, where he perished. At length we reached the gate of San Lorenzo, rebuilt or repaired by the emperor Honorius, as we learn from an inscription over it. Within, it joins the aqueducts of the Acqua Marcia, Acqua Tepula, and Acqua Giulia. The gate of San Lorenzo supplied the place of the more ancient Porta inter Aggeres, where the circumference of the city was enlarged by Aurelian. Its present name is derived from the church of San Lorenzo, without the walls, one of the most ancient churches of Rome, founded in the reign of Constantine, and repaired, enlarged, and embellished, by various popes, in the succeeding ages. Like most of the churches, it was built of the spoils of antique edifices; and there is

some reason to believe that part, at least, of its materials were taken from the portico of Octavia. The frieze, on which some naval subjects, perhaps the battle of Actium, were represented in bas-relief, has long since been removed to the museum of the Capitol. Some curious ancient painting in the church represents the coronation of Peter of Courtenay, son of Louis the Fat, as emperor of the East, A. D. 1216, by Pope Honorius III., who caused the picture to be painted, and has thus left a curious monument of the state of painting in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The modern road from Rome to Tivoli is the same with the antique way, as far as the Ponte Mammolo, where it deviates considerably from it. Again, at a spot called the *Fornò*, it falls into it, and continues to run along with it, as plainly appears from the antique polygonal pavement, which shows itself here and there, as far as the half-way house, where there is a small inn. There it leaves the antique way entirely. The ancient road passed to the north of the Solfatara and the quarries of Travertine, and did not cross the Anio

till it reached Tivoli, at the Ponte dell Acquaria, formerly the Cœlian bridge. Thence it wound up the steep bank of the river, and passed under the great arch of the villa of Mecænas.

That part of the Campagna through which the road to Tivoli passes, is less fertile than that nearer to the Alban hills. Indeed, the Solfatara and the Travertine quarries would alone give it an air of desolation. It is entirely without trees, and the bushes of dwarf-thorn and wild olive, which grow on the dazzling white soil near the Solfatara, are so stunted, and so dusky, that they only serve to make this dry nakedness of the land more apparent. This barren appearance, however, is confined chiefly to the tract between the two bridges, Lucano and Mammolo; for, from Tivoli to the first, the cultivation is uninterrupted and luxuriant; and, from the Ponte Mammolo to Rome, the herbage freshens, and the landscape becomes more smiling at every step. As we drew near the city, we saw the vineyards in full beauty. The country people, who had crowded into the town from the adjacent country, were preparing

for the vintage, and seemed eager to anticipate the gaieties of October, and the festivities of Monte Testaccio. Not a foreigner was to be seen in the streets; the nobles were mostly at their distant villas; and there were none among the ruins of Rome but the natural population of the town,—sufficient to show, not to redeem, the desolation of the Queen of Cities.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Edict.

HERCULES, Deacon of Santa Maria, ad Martyres, Cardinal GONSALVI, Secretary of State to his Holiness OUR LORD POPE PIUS VII.

IT is not without the deepest grief that Our Lord his Holiness has learned the increase of robbery and violence in the provinces of Maritima and the Campagna, at a time when he had hoped it was at a stop, in consequence of his exertions, and the heavy expenses incurred by the public for that end. The rigour of justice, denounced in all its terrors, has produced no effect on the depraved minds of several bad men in those countries, nor have the hopes of indulgence held out by the feelings of his paternal bosom been able to move them to repentance. For a short time they appeared to slacken the course of their usual crimes, shewing some disposition to amendment; but they soon gave themselves up again to their own evil courses, and shewed themselves more perverse than ever, committing murders and robberies, and making prisoners for the sake of ransom. Become brutal

in their crimes, they have once more rendered the high-roads unsafe for the traveller and the fields for the labourer; and have filled the bosoms of those with fear, even in the midst of their own families, who inhabit lone or defenceless dwellings. His Holiness, considering that the necessity for putting an end to these evils is most urgent, and that, from the nature of the country, and the concurrence of various circumstances, this cannot be done without adopting the most rigorous measures, has determined to declare the following:

1. His Holiness being convinced by the most undoubted evidence, that for a long series of years, even for centuries past, the greater number of the banditti who have infested the provinces have been natives of Sonnino; that the banditti of the neighbouring kingdom of Naples have been excited by the people of that town to make inroads into the State of the Church, and that the bands of Fondi and Lenola are actually commanded by a native bandit of Sonnino; that the amnesty formerly granted to a great number of the banditti of Sonnino was inefficacious, for as many others immediately made their appearance who now actually compose the greater part of these gangs; that these find in the town of Sonnino their principal strong-hold, where they obtain subsistence, and where they meet to consult upon their proceed-

ings: considering, at the same time, that the experience of the past united to that of the present time, proves with certainty that as long as that nest and nursery of robbers shall subsist, it will be impossible to put an end to their ravages, and which, if their supplies of food are not cut off, and their rendezvous destroyed, it is impossible, from the local circumstances of the country, to prevent by public force: reflecting, moreover, that the interests of society, by which public rights are regulated, do not allow the sovereign to permit such pernicious municipal associations, which foment such fatal disorders, to exist, and that even the mildest governments have in such cases adopted the measure of depriving the banditti of these perpetual asylums and places of refuge, when they have found other measures taken to extirpate them fail, — is come to the determination of ordering, that all the inhabitants of the township of Sonnino shall be removed and placed in other situations, and that the said town shall be destroyed, and its territory divided between the nearest places not suspected of favouring the banditti; granting for the relief of the proprietors who must emigrate, and who cannot fix in places near their own estates, the privilege of giving up the arable estate to the apostolical chamber, which will pay them for their property so lodged a perpetual annuity, according to the real net value of

such land upon a valuation made by competent persons.

2. Every township shall be obliged to defend its own territory from the incursions of the banditti *: it shall be responsible for the ransoms and the robberies committed by them, and shall be obliged to indemnify the person ransomed or robbed, conformably to the edict of Cardinal Spada, dated 18th July, 1696.

On the other hand, every community that shall destroy a band of robbers, or even a part of one, shall enjoy an abatement of the duties upon salt, and upon grinding corn for two years; that one quatrine upon the salt, and two bajocchi upon grinding for every three banditti arrested or killed, besides the reward specified in the following article for each bandit killed or taken up: if single bandits shall be stopped or killed, the reward shall be doubled.

3. The reward for every private bandit shall be five hundred crowns, and for every chief, one thousand crowns, to be paid by the public treasury.

4. The system for the hunters published on the 4th of May, 1818, shall be followed up, and all those who make part of that auxiliary body

* This does not agree with the disarming law still in force; in fact, that law effectually prevents the people from defending themselves.

shall be furnished by the police with a licence to carry fire-arms gratis.

5. Every town shall be obliged to toll its parish bell to give notice to the people to arm themselves, to warn the neighbouring troops, to call their neighbours to their assistance, and to proceed to the apprehension or killing the robbers and delivering them dead or alive to the armed force.

6. Such towns as neglect to fulfil these orders shall be condemned to make good all the damage done by the banditti thenceforward throughout the province.

7. Whosoever shall not attend to the sound of the bell; whosoever shall not take arms; whosoever shall not pursue the banditti to take or slay them, the same being in his power, shall be regarded as an accomplice and abettor of the same; and besides a fine of five hundred crowns, he shall be subject to corporal punishment.

8. Whosoever shall oppose the troops, or place the slightest impediment in the way of their seeking for them, even in sanctuary, shall be considered guilty of rebellion and treason, conformably to the denunciation in the well-known constitution of Sixtus V. beginning — *Hoc nostri Pontificatus initio.*

9. Military punishment with the usual pains shall be inflicted upon whosoever does not give notice of the place of refuge, the secret corre-

spondence, the aiders and abettors of the banditti, so soon as he shall know them.

10. The relations of these ruffians, even to the first degrees of consanguinity, and every other individual of whatsoever quality or estate, shall be declared guilty of treason, and undergo military punishment even to death, as soon as it shall be proved that they have henceforth given their aid, counsel, victuals, or money, or in any way whatsoever administered to their existence or their liberty, and their goods shall be forfeited.

11. The same punishment shall be inflicted on those who shall harbour the banditti, or permit them to conceal themselves in their houses, casales, or other out-houses.

If any one shall be constrained by force to receive in spite of his will one robber or more, or to furnish them with food, must prove it legally, and no excuse will be taken if he does not without delay give notice of their road and their situation.

12. The executive force in the above-mentioned provinces, shall by the effect of these presents be indefinitely augmented, and sent from place to place as may be required. The command of the same will be entrusted to a single superior officer, in whom will be united all necessary powers, both for the direction of the military and the destruction of the banditti.

13. The officers, of whatever regiment they

may be, as they will have an *immediate advance in rank* on the success of any effectual undertaking against the banditti, so they shall *be degraded, or even broke*, in any case they are found deficient in that courage, or that honour which ought to inspire them in the service of the state.

14. No further amnesty will be granted to the brigands, but within one month they may be permitted to give themselves up at discretion, and rely on the clemency of their sovereign.

But a free and absolute pardon shall be extended to all such among the malefactors as shall destroy or deliver up alive or dead, others, making part of any united body, into the hands of justice; and they also shall receive the reward promised in the former part of this edict.

15. All former dispositions and orders in the edicts and notices, heretofore published, relative to public robbery shall be continued in full force, save and except those articles, which shall be found in opposition to the present.

16. The present edict, being published and affixed in the usual places throughout the provinces of Maritima, and the Campagna, shall have its full force, and shall be binding upon all persons in the same manner, as if they had individually received notice thereof.

Given at the Quirinal Palace, this 18th day of July, 1819.

(Signed) H. CARDINAL GONSALVI.

No. II.

Contents of the Santa Croce.

After the letters, numerals, and syllables, the first thing is the Lord's Prayer in Latin; 2. Avē Maria; 3. the Apostle's Creed, in Italian; 4. Salve Regina, in Latin; 5. Prayer to the Guardian Angel; 6. the following edition of the Decalogue, in Italian:

1. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other Gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain.
3. Remember to keep holy the days of Festivals.
4. Honour thy father and mother.
5. Thou shalt not kill.
6. Thou shalt not commit fornication.
7. Thou shalt not steal.
8. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
9. Thou shalt not covet the wife of another.
10. Thou shalt not covet the goods of another.

Then follow, in the seventh place, the precepts of the Church, which are six:

Hear mass every Sunday, and on the other prescribed feasts.

Fast in Lent, on vigils, and at the four seasons: eat no flesh on Friday or Saturday.

Confess at least once a year.

Communicate at least at Easter.

Pay tithes.

Do not marry in the prohibited seasons; *i. e.* from the first Sunday in Advent to the Epiphany, and from the first day of Lent till eight days after Easter.

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8. The names of the seven Sacraments.

9. Different forms for the Ave Maria.

10. The manner how to go through mass, in Latin.

And lastly, some excellent prayers, in Italian.

This is the usual lesson-book. There may be some little variety; and some are enriched with some prayers and passages from Saint Thomas Aquinas. The Decalogue is the same in all.

After this, the Christian doctrine of Bellarmine is taught; and well would it be if all Christians, Protestants as well as Romanists, learned and abided by it. But it is followed in the course of study by the legend with all its poetical machinery; for what else can we call the temptations of St. Anthony and St. Bartholomew? The miracles of the Saints soon supersede the miracles of their Divine Master. His were beneficent, and wrought upon occasions of importance. But those of the legend are only calculated to excite wonder.* And

* For instance: St. Alo, when applied to, to shoe a horse, for the saint was a blacksmith, used to take off

therefore, among the populace who are encouraged to read them, while the Scriptures are withheld, it is not surprising that they should make a deeper impression, and that the reverence which should be reserved for the Author of our religion, should be divided at least by the holy men, who, as they are taught, possessed almost unlimited power over his will. Man, a weak creature, must have a Superior Being to rely on; and, if the truth be hidden from him, he necessarily makes to himself a substitute, or eagerly receives what is offered to him as such.

The Italians have so long been accustomed to visible representations of the Deity, and to see the human form substituted for the Divine Spirit, that it is no wonder they should have forgotten the God who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and in whom "we live, and move, and have our being." His name is scarcely heard in the temples; and that of Jesus rarely, but in conjunction with those of Joseph and Mary. Mary is indeed the goddess of Italy. She grants all favours, and averts all evils; and, while we were in Rome, her images wrought more than one pretended miracle. The Pan-

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the beast's foot, and carry it into the smithy, where he shod it neatly, and then carrying it to its owner, joined it to the leg by the sign of the cross and a prayer.

theon is dedicated to St. Mary, and all saints and martyrs; and her pictures and effigies are numerous in it. The market-place for game, fruit, poultry, and vegetables, is in the square before it, and therefore the situation is favourable for miraculous cases, as they soon become spread by means of the market-people. It was about thirteen or fourteen months since, that a poor woman, praying earnestly, and complaining of poverty, was relieved by two strangers as soon as she rose from her prayers. She instantly imagined that the Virgin had inspired her benefactors, and cried out, "A miracle!" The shrine at which she prayed was beset in consequence, day and night, till, finding that no more relief was granted, the crowds gradually decreased; when another Madonna in the same church restored a deaf and dumb boy to the use of speech and hearing. Unfortunately, however, though she had taught him to speak good Tuscan, and to name most objects in nature, she omitted to teach him his own name; or, rather, the priests had forgotten to tutor him properly. But however clumsy this imposture, and though several foreigners openly laughed at it and exposed it in the church, the people remained convinced of the truth of the miracle, the little books giving an account of it were eagerly bought, and the shrine became rich with offerings.

No. III.

The popular poetry of the modern Romaic may be divided into various classes. The first and largest is that of heroic ballads, which are of three kinds; namely, those founded on the legends; those containing the adventures of famous outlaws; and those on classical or romantic subjects.

2d Class. Humorous and burlesque poems.
3d —— Lyrical ballads, sacred and profane.
4th —— Songs and ritornelli.

Fletcher of Saltoun said, "Let who will make the laws of a country, let me make the ballads, and I will form the people." And none better than that strenuous asserter of the liberties of Scotland, knew the effect of popular poetry. The Italians are perhaps a more poetical people than the Scotch, and the effect of their every-day poetry on their character may be expected to be proportionably greater. We therefore endeavoured to collect, perhaps not the best, but the most popular of their vulgar poetry; and we lay specimens of it before our readers, as furnishing materials neither useless

nor incurious, towards forming a judgment of the character of the modern Romans.

We begin by the sacred ballads, forming the first division of the first class.

Spiritual Rhymes upon the Nativity of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, *with the coming of the three Magian Kings.—Of the Star.—With the Pastoral Songs.*

This little poem begins with praises to the Virgin, and an account of Augustus, and his resolution to number the people in his empire during the peace that was on earth. Mary and Joseph go to Bethlehem, and there the child is born in a stall between the ox and the ass.

Il Bue, e l'Asinel fu inginocchiato
Per riverenza del Figliuol di Dio,
Ciascun lo riscaldava col suo fiato
Quel puro Agnello Mansueto e pio. *

Meantime the Romans wished to offer divine worship to Octavius Augustus; but he called the sybil, and desired her to declare if there were upon earth a greater than he. The prophetess desired him to look unto the sun and say,

Ottaviano disse: io veggio un cerchio d'oro
Parmi una bella Donna dentro sia

* The ox and the ass knelt in reverence to the Son of God, and with their breaths they warmed that pure, sweet, and holy Lamb.

Ha un figlio in braccio, e chi son costoro
Rispose la sibilla, ella è Maria
Col suo figliuol, che d'ogni territorio
Lui e signore ed il vero Messia
Lui e maggior di te, se vuoi onorarlo
Credete in lui e con fide adorarlo.*

Octavius of course refuses divine honours. Meantime the star had appeared to the wise men of the east, and the history follows the sacred writers till the entrance of the wise men into the presence of the holy Virgin, when the amplifications of the early legends are added, and the names of the Magian kings given.

Gaspar fu il primo che si approssimàva
E il primo dono à Gesù donava.
Decendo buon Gesù il mio tesoro
Ti vuo donar qual Incenso odoroso
Per dimostrar che nel celeste Coro
Sei sommo sacerdote glorioso.
E sei salute di tutti coloro
Che nel tuo santo Regno han reposo.
Gesù benigno l'Incenso pigliava
E Gasparo di parte si tirava.
In questo magnanimo e giocondo
Si fece inanzi col suo vaso in mano
E Baldassar, che fu Magio secondo

* Octavius said, "I see a circle of gold; and it seems to me that a beautiful woman is within it, holding a child in her arms. And who are these?" The sybil answered, "She is Mary with her Son, who of all nations is the Lord and true Messiah. He is greater than thou, and if thou wouldst honour him, believe in him, and worship him in faith."

Inginnocchiossi in terra umile e piano
E disse; o Re che reggi tutto il mondo
Vero Figluol di Dio, e uomo umano
Di questa Amara Mirra in te espone;
Significando la tua gran Passione.
E detto questi si tirò da parte
E si fece inanzi il più Giovinetto
Marchionné ultimo Magio, che ogn' arte
Ed oro avea messo nel vaso netto
Disse che più profeta nelle carte
Io trovo che tu sei Gesù perfetto
E per vero Figliuol di Dio t'adoro
Donando questu vaso chê pien d'oro. *

After this the wise men return by a different way, and the poem concludes with a prayer to be directed in the right path; and a hymn to

* Gaspar was the first to approach, and presented the first gift to Jesus, saying, "O Jesus, my treasure! I present thee with this odorous incense in sign that in the celestial choir thou art the high priest, and the salvation of all such as shall enjoy the peace of thy holy kingdom." Jesus benignly received the incense, and Gaspar drew aside. At this Baldassar, the second Magus, magnanimously and joyfully came forward, bearing his vase in his hand, and kneeling gently and humbly, said, "O King, who governest the whole world, true Son of God, yet human man, by this bitter myrrh presented to thee I signify thy bitter passion." And thus saying, he withdrew. Then Marchione, the last and youngest Magus, came forward, and having put gold into a pure vase, he said, "I find in the writings of many prophets that thou art perfect Jesus, and I adore thee as Son of God, presenting this vase full of gold."

The early painters always represent one of the three kings as a Negro.

the infant Jesus, very much above the usual [illegible] of popular poetry, but too peculiarly R[illegible] its expressions to be quoted here.

Breve compendio della vita morte e [illegible] degli gloriosi APOSTOLI SAN PIETRO E SA[illegible]

This begins by calling upon all Chr[illegible] give ear to the cruel death of St. Peter and St. Paul, who suffered under Nero. Nero, it seems, willing to confute the doctrines of the apostles before he put them to death, called Simon Magus to his aid, who built, in presence of the Emperor, a strong tower of wood, on which he placed himself, and then commanded the devils over whom he had power, to raise it into the air, which they did. The apostles were at first confounded, but quickly recovering, they, by their prayers, caused the devils to flee, and Simon fell headlong down at the wicked tyrant's feet. This incident forms the subject of one of the great mosaics in St. Peter's. The two apostles were then imprisoned under the Capitol. St. Peter escaped, and was going to leave Rome, when he saw Christ bearing the cross, and said to him, "Lord, where goest thou?" "To Rome, to be crucified a second time," replied the celestial vision, and immediately disappeared. St. Peter considered this as a call to the crown of martyrdom, and returned to prison. The

spot where he saw the vision was afterwards consecrated, and the little church of *Domine quo Vadis* was built on it. St. Peter was crucified, and St. Paul beheaded, when

> Venne una sua discepola piangente
> Dicendo il mio maestro ov'e guidato
> Gli rispose uno alor di quelle gente,
> In breve lui sara martirizato.
> San Paolo a lei dice con voce onesta
> Donna prestome il vel che tieni in testa.

This veil the guardian angel dipped in the martyr's blood, and returned it to the disciple endowed with the power of working miracles. The head of St. Peter then made the three miraculous leaps, which caused the three mountains near St. Anastasius to spring up. A countryman who had seen the two saints martyred, fell asleep in a neighbouring vineyard, and slept five hundred years. When he awoke, the same accidents that happened to the seven sleepers happened to him: he was carried before the Roman senator on account of the ancient coin he proffered to a shopkeeper; and this discovered that he had beheld the death of the two saints, whose relics were at that time much desired by

* One of his disciples came weeping, and saying, "Where are they taking my master?" Then one of those people answered, "In a short time he will be martyred." St. Paul said to her kindly, "Lady! lend me the veil that you wear on your head."

the Christian world. His declaring the place where these were to be found, ends the poem.

We have given the more detailed account of these two little poems, as they are among the better class of sacred ballads; but these are exceedingly unequal, and almost as numerous as other ballads. Of a few others we will only add the titles, such as

Examples of two Companions, CONSTANTINE *and* GOOD FAITH, *who went to St. James of Gallicia. Wherein you may hear the many misfortunes which happened to them, and how they never abandoned each other.*

The History of ST. JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH, WHEREBY YOU MAY UNDERSTAND HOW HE FELL INTO MORTAL SIN, AND HOW, BY SEVERE PENANCE, HE OBTAINED THE PARDON OF GOD.

History of the Life and Death of NERO *the* EMPEROR, *with the Death of* ST. PETER *and* ST. PAUL.

This perhaps should belong to the second division of the class, but the death of the martyrs induced us to place it here. The history is chiefly taken from Suetonius, but there are a few embellishments of the ludicrous kind, which it owes to popular tradition.

Besides these sacred ballads, which may be compared to the mysteries of the stage at the revival of literature, there are some which we may call moralities, such as

The History of SENSE, *who wished never to die.*

This introduces, after a long preamble and prayer, the Cavalier *Sense*, a man who was proud, *ricco, giovine, e gagliardo*, and leaves his native city, mounted on a horse called Reason, in search of a master who could defend him against his great enemy Death. In his travels he meets with the World, with Pleasure, and Philosophy, who are none of them able to defend him from Death. At length he finds *Religion*, who tells him, that as long as he does not get off his horse Reason, he will never die; and he accordingly travels for eight hundred years, when he is tempted by Curiosity to quit Reason, and Death seizes him, and reproaches him with his disobedience.

The History of the Cavalier Torchino is of the same class, and in the same spirit. In these the confusion of Scripture names with those of the ancients, and the heroes of romance, is often curious; for instance, the following:

Coi Saul, così Turno e Teseo
Così Jason, Ettor, e'l forte Achille

E Diomede, e Giuda Maccabeo
Che fu nell' arme folgare e faville
Ei due Scipione, e'l gran Pompeo,
Magno descritto giù in tante postille
Cesar, Camillo, Romolo, e Trajano
Enea, Lancilotto, e'l buon Tristano,
Istoria di Senso.)

SECOND DIVISION OF THE FIRST CLASS; ADVENTURES OF CELEBRATED OUTLAWS.

1. *History of Stefano Spadolini and his fellow Thieves, composed by Nicodemus Lermil,*

Begins with a regular invocation of the muse, in ottava rhyme:

Musa gentil, deh vola in un istante,
O dal Parnaso, o dal Castalio fonte
Corri verso di me, che quasi errante
Ora mi trovo, e senza rime pronte,
Viene però con tragico sembiante
Tinta nell' onde amare d'Acheronte

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* Thus Saul, thus Turnus, and Theseus; thus Jason, Hector, and the strong Achilles, and Diomede, and Judas Maccabeus, who was thunder and lightning in arms, and the two Scipios, and great Pompey. *Alexander the Great* described in so many paragraphs, Cæsar, Camillus, Romulus, and Trajan, Eneas, Lancelot, and good Sir Tristram.

Vieni a posar sulla mia propria mente;
Onde possa cantar storia dolente. *

The opening of the subject follows with a description of the place; which we shall copy:

Verso Baccano in taciturna parte
Di folta selva per le vie coperte
Varie formate da natura od arte
Si veggono caverne e chiuse ed aperte,
Ivi la via battuta, ivi in disparte
Si osserva ognum, che passa in prove certe
Ivi non visto si puo dar la morte
Senza temer di vigilante corte.

Un stuol di Ladri temerari, e crudi
Barbari disperati, ed omicidi
Lacri Lordi, in qualche parte nudi
Erano Abitator di questi nidi
Misero Passagier! e roba e scudi
Ti costerà; se fier destin te guidi
E forse ancor se alla defesa badi
Ti converra, che tu trafitto cadi.
Il più vecchio nell' arte, il più perfetto
E quel campion che regola di tutto

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* Great muse, who on Parnassus' top dost lie,
Or by Castalia's fount, straight hither fly!
Run to my aid, and lose no precious time;
For I must write, and have no ready rhyme.
Come on, however, with thy tragic lyre,
In Acheron be sure thou dip thy wire;
Come, and inspire me with thy woeful face,
To sing of pillage, plunder, and disgrace.

Ei Stefano si noma in fiero aspetto
Di pallido colore orrendo, e brutto. *

After this follows a story not unlike that of the melo-drama of the Miller and his Men, with the taking and punishment of the whole troop.

2. *A new History, in which is related the Life led by Giuseppe Mastrilli, of Terracina, who, being in Love, committed many Murders, and was banished from the States of Rome and Naples, on*

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* Near where Baccano, in appalling mood,
Is hid by covert of impervious wood,
Nature and art have both conspired to make
A thousand darksome caverns in the break;
Some open to the road, some far aside;
And every Christian who must that way ride,
May see how easily a villain band
May rob and kill, nor fear dame Justice' hand.

A troop of daring thieves, cruel and fierce,
Desperate rogues, whom mercy could not pierce;
Filthy and lazy, who went almost bare,
Had fixed their dens of desolation there.
Unhappy traveller! thy gear and goods
Will suffer, if thou travel on these roads:
And more besides; for if thou try'st to fight,
'Tis probable thou wilt be slain outright.

The oldest of the craft, the setter on,
The prime director of whate'er was done,
Was Stefano, of aspect fierce and wild,
Whose haggard looks alarmed both man and child, &c.

pain of being drawn and quartered; and who, having escaped during his Life from the Hands of Justice, died quietly in his Bed, repenting of his evil Deeds.

This is, perhaps, the greatest favourite of its kind among the people. It opens thus:

Nella bella citta di Terracina
Nacque quest' uomo di sottil ingegno
Ricco di beni, e pieno di dottrina
Stupore in Roma, e pregiudigio a un regno
Menò la vita sua da paladino
Sempre contro la corte ebbe l'impegno
Li misfatti che fece, e il suo furore
Causa gia fu per contentare amore.
Passa un giorno Mastrilli da una strada
Vede ad una fenestra una zitella
Parve agli occhi suoi sì bella e grata
Candida più che matutina stella;
L'ha con un bacio mano salutata
E poi amorosamente gli favella
Vide suo padre et per saziar sue voglie
Li fece dir, che la volea per moglie. *

Within fair Terracina's beauteous bound,
Was born a man, whose like is seldom found:
In substance rich, and full of learned lore,
Terror of Rome, and Naples troubling sore.
He led a life as free as those of old
Hight Palladins; but all his actions bold
Were levelled against justice: these, howe'er,
With all his crimes, were for a lady fair.
One morn it chanced that Mastrilli must pass
Near where an open window showed a lass,

However, Satàn, who, to use Sancho Panza's expression, nevèr sits idle in a corner, but loves to meddle in every matter, inspired the young lady with an affection for another, which Mastrilli discovering, kills his rival, whose father goes to Frosinone, and complains to the bishop. On this twelve sbirri are sent to apprehend Mastrilli, with the promise of three hundred crowns reward.

> Ecco chi si partirono di Frosinone
> Dodici sbirri armati, ed un tenente
> Con brave spie per aver cognizione
> Dove Peppe Mastrilli era presente. *

They find him near Cisterna, coming out of a wood belonging to the Prince of Caserta; but the homicide, after invoking the Madonna, kills four of the twelve, and the rest, with the *tenente* at their head, run away. After a short deliberation with himself, he resolves to quit the states of the church, and take refuge in the kingdom

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> That to his charmed eye seemed fairer far,
> And brighter, than the early morning star.
> By signs he made his admiration known,
> And spoke of love, and hoped to make his own
> The lovely maid; then to her father went,
> And for the wedding sought his due consent.

* From Frosinone speedily were sent
Twelve sbirri, armed with desperate intent:
A brave lieutenant and a skilful spy,
To show where Peppe Mastrilli did lie.

of Naples; but not being provided with a passport to pass Portella, he kills the two guards, and goes on towards Gaeta. In the neighbourhood of that town he enters a fisherman's hut, whose wife has just been brought to bed of a son, to whom, willing to secure the assistance of the fisherman, he stands godfather, after telling his story. The fisherman desires him to eat and drink, while he goes out to attend his boat; but, instead of assisting Mastrilli, he betrays him, and he is imprisoned, and then sent to the gallies. Three days afterwards he takes occasion to tell his story artfully to the general of the galley slaves, who causes his irons to be struck off, and advances him to the command of twelve hundred of his fellows. After seven years, however, the court of Rome sends to claim him: he is bound, and sent by sea towards Rome. It happens, that a princess, belonging to the court, is going at the same time in another galley, and being alarmed during a violent storm, she insists on landing; and seeing the state of Mastrilli, commands him to be liberated at the same time. This happens opportunely near Terracina. The poor outlaw knocks at his own door, and is received with transport by his sons, to whom he relates his adventures; and they all three set off towards Gaeta, where they resolve to punish the perfidious fisherman, who had sinned against Saint

John Baptist, by betraying the godfather of his son. Of course, they murder him barbarously. Their next feat is to way-lay the general of the Neapolitan galleys, and to ransom him for three thousand crowns of gold. Possessed of this money, Mastrilli serves as a faithful guide to Prince Corsini in a perilous journey; as a reward for which he obtains letters of protection from the Prince. Shortly afterwards, meeting some merchants, he divides their property with them, for which certain rivals in the trade denounce him to the court. He and his sons are pursued by the sbirri: they give battle, and

Per quattr'ore di tempo in quel giorno,*
Tremava ogni Cristian in quel luogo,
Altro non si vedeva in quel contorno
Che aria di piombo, e la terra fusco,
Nove persone morte si trovorno.*

Mastrilli and his sons go to Rome, where they obtain new letters of protection and go to Leghorn, where they find a ship, and embark in her for Terracina. There an illness, which had attacked Mastrilli while at sea, increases so much, that he sends for a priest, who confesses him; but lest the priest should reveal his crimes, his sons

* For four full hours on that eventful day,
Each Christian trembled that around them lay;
A sky of lead, an earth of fire was seen,
And nine bold men lay dead upon the scene.

keep the holy man imprisoned till their father dies. As soon as the officer of the sbirri hears of his death, he goes to the house in which he had died, fires at the corpse, and then cuts off the head, to get the promised reward. On this his sons are so grieved, that they prevail on the priest to write to Rome, to certify that Mastrilli had confessed, and received absolution before his death; upon which the fraudulent officer is condemned to the galleys, and the memory of Mastrilli cleared from the stain of an impenitent death.

3. *A New History of Bartholomew, a Roman; wherein is related his spirited Actions and his Death.*

Not near so characteristic as that of Mastrilli, but in the same taste.

4. *The most beautiful History of the Life and Death of Pietro Mancino, Chief of Banditti; wherein are set forth the Captures for Ransom, and the Murders that he committed in the Kingdom of Naples,*

Begins thus:

Io canto li recatti, e il fiero ardire
Del Gran Pietro Mancino foruscito
Quanti nemici suoi fecea morire
In tutto il tempo, ch' è stato bandito;

Perdonatemi Musè, in questo dire
Se non vi chiamo all' Eliconio sito
Che parlando di guarra, mie carte
Di Bellona la Musa Apollo è Marte.*

And, indeed, Pietro Mancino deserves a more lofty song than most banditti. He was the son of a sage physician, and, as well as his two sisters, was eminently beautiful. In defence of his sisters, his first murders were committed on the persons of two princes; and as he could hope for no mercy, he joined a band of outlaws. He seized on a doctor first, then on a factor, from each of whom he received three thousand crowns of ransom, with part of which he relieved the distresses of the poor, especially of women. After this, the Prince San Severo offered a reward of twelve thousand crowns for his head, which Mancino determined to obtain for himself. He therefore disguised himself, and taking a raw sheep's head with him, he went to the prince, and having only partially shown the head, received the money. As soon as he got it, he laughed at the prince, and told him of

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Peter Mancino, that great outlaw'd man,
I sing, and all his rage — and how he ran
Throughout the land, seeking his foes to slay,
Or take, and on them ransom hard to lay.
Forgive, O Muse, if in my dire account,
I call thee not from th' Heliconian fount!
So fierce my tale, Mars must Apollo be,
And harsh Bellona is the muse for me.

the cheat. Then going to his companions, they embarked all together for Sclavonia, where they lived generously and hospitably. When their means were spent, they retired into Apulia to raise more money. Their first exploit on returning to Italy, was to disguise themselves as monks, and to visit the head of a rich monastery, from whom they extorted three thousand crowns. Mancino then, by his dexterity, forced one of his companions, who had intended to betray him, not only to give up his design, but to pay him six thousand crowns. After which he seized half a million of gold belonging to the viceroy of Naples, with which he crossed the country to Barletta, and embarked for Dalmatia, where he had a castle. There he lived like a beneficent prince, and was employed in the defence of Corfu against the Turks. At length he was taken ill, and

A Pietro intanto il male si aggravava
E da se stesso lo conosceva
Che giorno, e notte chiamava, e pregava
Per avvocata Maria, che teneva,
Perche semper il sabbata guardava
E mai peccato non vi commeteva
Maria chiamava, e bagnava le gote
Rese l'anima a Dio col sacerdote.*

* Peter meanwhile perceived the time draw nigh,
When he must make his soul prepare to die,

5. *The unfortunate Life and miserable Death of Harry Gobertinco, highwayman, who killed 964 Persons, with six Children, in the territory of Trent.*

The most remarkable thing in this atrocious history is the regret of the ruffian that he had not lived long enough to kill one thousand of his fellow creatures according to an oath he had made. He entered every murder, with its date and circumstances, in a journal book.

6. *The true History of the Life, Prowess, Feats, and Death of the famous Bandit, Angelo del Duca, native of San Gregorio.*

Scarcely worth naming, and not much a favourite even with the people.

7. *The Death of Oronzo Albegna of Brescia, who was executed for killing his Father and Mother, strangling two Brothers, and cutting off his infant Sister's head.*

This the author very properly begins with,

And night and day he called on Heaven's queen,
His advocate, to whom he'd faithful been,
And still had kept her day from sin most clear,
And Saturdays alone thoughout the year
He wrought no ill. On Mary then he cried,
And weeping with his priest, in penance died.

Canto non già d'amor; non già di morte
Canto non già di gioja, o di contento;
Canto solo d'oror. *

8. SPETTACOLO ATROCE, *&c. &c.*
Another history of a parricide.

9. *Cruelty punished, or the true Account of the Barbarities practised in Venice by* VENERANDA PORTA *and* STEFANO FANTINI, *with their death.*

A history written in pure Tuscan.

10. *New Story of a Woman of Alicant, who killed her own son, and gave part to her dog to eat, and part to her husband; wherein you may see how she was carried alive to hell by the Devils.*

11. *A new Book, wherein is set forth the wicked Life of a governor of state, who was saved by charity, and founding an hospital.*

These specimens will probably satisfy the reader as to the nature of the second division of this class of poems. The list might be swelled to a volume, but the very titles of most of them are disgusting repetitions of murders, which must, by the frequency of their recurrence, degrade those whose constant amusement is derived from their perusal.

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* 'Tis not of love I sing, nor yet of war;
'Tis not of joy I sing, nor yet of pleasure;
I sing of horror only.

THIRD DIVISION OF THE FIRST CLASS.

At the head of these we will place the Orpheus and Eurydice, disguised under the name of *Orfeo and Eudrice,* or Orfeo della dolce lyra, in which the antique fable is exactly followed; but in a language and a versification which defies all criticism, and in some instances all interpretation.

2. The episode of Tancred and Clorinda, or *Crolinda,* is another favorite of the people.

3. *Istoria degli Orazie et Curiazi.* The history of the Horatii and Curiatii.

After the last of the Horatii has killed his sister, according to the real history, the romance properly begins. Horatius is banished and goes into Greece and Asia, delivers oppressed damsels, and punishes wicked knights. At length Tullus, king of Rome, writes to beg he will return, which he immediately prepares to do, and the wind being favorable, he sails in wonderfully short time from Corinth to Ostia, and finds his friends well, and the king favourable to his interests in all ways, and so rejoiced to see him, that he sends messengers to announce his return, to more countries than any Roman of that age had ever heard of; France, Congo, Galicia, Poland, China, Alsace, Assyria, Naples, Venice; and a feast of three days was held in Rome.

Da fuochi, ed archi e *di cucagna un monte,*
Con suoni, e canti, e di buon vino un fonte. *

After all this "Orazio fior de' Campioni," not satisfied with Rome, leaves it to conquer the kingdom of Macedon; which he chose to govern in right of his new wife, Clarissa, who had been unjustly deprived of her crown.

4. *The history of Attila, commonly called the scourge of God:* in which truth and fable, with some little mixture of Teutonic romance, are jumbled together.

5. *A faithful account of the deliverance of Vienna, and of the taking of the city of Strigonia, with the death of the grand vizier, who lost his head.*

This is a favourite subject, and has been treated gravely and gaily, in formal history, and in the Rozzi rime of the people. It has been honoured by the muse of Filicaïa, and is sung throughout the capital of Christendom, as the triumph of the cross over the crescent.

6. *The unfortunate queen of Cyprus, with the consequent misfortunes of Ruggero, son of the king of Crete, a moral and delightful tale.*

Gundobald, king of Cyprus, had a fair queen,

* There were fine bonfires, and triumphal arches,
A hill like lubberland of ready roasted food;
Songs, dancing, instrumental jigs and marches,
And fountains running wine, pure, cool, and good.

called Arimene. They were both good and merciful, but the king's two wicked brothers, Osman and Aspramonte, conspired against them, and killed Gundobald. Arimene fled, and, embarking in a small vessel, was shipwrecked on the coast of Crete, where she soon after was delivered of a son more beautiful than Adonis, or Cupid. Meantime the king of Crete had discovered that his son Ruggiero was a Christian, and banished him; he arrived at the spot where the unfortunate queen had taken refuge, and, falling in love with her, offered to protect her. They resolved to go to Rome and take refuge in that Christian city, when they were captured by a pirate, and sold as slaves to the king of Egypt. After many misfortunes and adventures, which all prove the virtue of Arimene, and the valour of Ruggiero, they were again made prisoners, and conducted to the court of his father, who condemned them to instant death. But, just as they were tied to the stake, a thunderbolt struck the tyrant. Ruggiero and Arimene became king and queen of Crete, and placed the beautiful child upon the throne of Cyprus.

Mortale apprendi: è Dio pazienti, e buono,
Ma la guistizia al fin gli è cara amante,
La spada del signor non taglia in fretta,
Quanto piu tarda, fa maggior vendetta. *

* Learn, mortals! Heav'n is patient and is kind,
But justice never quits th' eternal mind;
The sword that smites not on an early day,
Will late with heavier vengeance fall to slay.

7. *The rout of Roncisvalles, where Orlando died with all the Paladins, divided into two cantos.*

The well known rout of Roncisvalles is told in this, at melancholy length. The feats of Orlando and Oliver, and the sayings of Turpin are minutely detailed. And the sad resolution of blowing the horn of the Paladin, too late to save the day, is one of the principal features of the poem. Dante has taken one of the finest similes in the Inferno from this incident, where, speaking of the horn sounded by Nimrod, he says,

> Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
> Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,
> Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.*
>
> *Canto* xxxi.

We will give a few specimens of this popular poem below. It is not indeed equal to Chevy Chase, but is at least as good as Sir Bevis. The description of the approach of the Pagan army appears to us one of the best parts of the poem, yet even this is alternately flat and bombastical:

> E si udivan sonare i gnaccheroni,
> E tante busne, e corni alla moresca,
> Che rimbombava per tutti i valloni,
> E par che sotto terra quel suon esca,
> Tante pennacchi, e tante stran pennoni

---

* ——— So terrible a blast
Orlando blew not when that dismal rout
O'erthrew the host of Charlemain, and quenched
His saintly warfare.

CARY'S *Dante.*

Tante divise, la più nuovo tresca
Era cosa a vedere al cert' oscura
Da Orlando in poi, a ognun facea paura.
L'anitrir de cavalli, e il mormorare ;
De Pagan, che venivan minacceando,
Che ognun volea i Cristiani tranguggiare
E Falsiron bravava con Orlando;
Parea quando piu forse freme il mare
Scilla e Cariddi co' mostri abbajando
E tanto l' aria di polvere è piena
Come si dice nel mare della rena.
Quivi eran Zingare, Arabi, e Soriani
Dell Egitto, dell' India, e di Etiopia,
E sopra tutti di molti Marani,
Che non avea nessuno insegna propria,
Di Barberia, e di luoghi lontani
E di alcuni altri in questi v' era copia.
E ancora gente di Guascogna v'era
Pensa che anima e questa prima schiera
Ed avean poi le sue strane armature
E più strane cappellacci quelle genti
Certi pellacce sopra il dorso dure
Di pesci cocodrilli e di serpenti
E mazzafursti, e grave accetto, e scure
E molti colpi commettono ai venti
Con dardi, archi, spuntoni, e stambecchi
E Spade assai che lucean come specchi.*

* Then did of uncouth castanets the sound,
And moorish horns, through all the vales rebound,
So deep, so hollow, that they seem'd to flow,
Not from the earth, but from the depths below,
Such were the plumes, such the devices rare,
Such the strange pennons floating on the air,
That dimly seen, yet glitt'ring as they past,
Orlando paused: All others stood aghast.

The battle goes on with the death of chief after chief: the wretched valley is knee-deep in blood, *the Saracens fall like over-ripe pears.*

E Roncisvalle pareva un tegame
Dove fosse di sangue un gran bollito
Di Capi di pieducci & d'altr' ossame. *

The warlike neigh of steeds, the murmur'd song,
Of threat'ning pagans as they march'd along,
Each sought to dye his hands in Christian blood,
While Falsiron 'gan mock Orlando good,
The clangour rose more loud than ocean's ire,
Where rage fell Scylla, and Charybdis dire.
And the dense dust so loads the dark'ned air,
Scarce such the sands the shores of Ocean bear.
Here were the wild Hungarians' wand'ring hordes,
There Syrians, with whom th' Arab lands affords,
Egyptians, Ethiopians, Indians, too,
And of the swarthy Moors a motley crew,
Who owned no separate standard but from far,
Mix'd with the Berbereens, rush to the war;
E'en Gascons shewed their semi-gallic face,
With crowds on crowds of ev'ry diff'ring race;
Strange was the armour of the mingled herd,
And stranger still their cloaks. The spotted pard,
The scaly crocodile and speckled snake,
The cuirass and the clothing equal make.
There clubs, and heavy hatchets, axes keen,
Cutting with useless strokes the air, were seen
With savage bow, and dart, and sling, and spear,
And swords whose brightness dimmed the mirror clear.

* We really cannot tell how to rhyme the following translation:

Roncisvalle appeared to be a skillet,
Where there was a great boiling of blood,
Of heads and heels, and other bones.

Orlando, at length, wearied, comes with his horse, Vegliantin, to a small fountain to drink; but Orlando has hardly dismounted, when his poor steed falls dead at his feet, and Orlando begins to speak.

O Vegliantin, tu m'hai servito tanto,
O Vegliantin, dov'è la tua prodezza,
O Vegliantin, nessun si dia più vanto,
O Vegliantin, venuta e l'ora sezza,
O Vegliantin, tu m'hai cresciuto il pianto,
O Vegliantin, to non vuoi più capezza,
O Vegliantin, se ti fece mai torto,
Perdonami, ti prego, così morto.

The horse opens his eyes, and nods his head in sign of pardon; and the sight of Vegliantin and the count at the fountain, is, according to the ballad, as affecting as the tale of Pi[illegible] and Thisbe. Orlando confesses himself, and receives absolution from an angel, and with his death the poem ends. The whole of this ballad is obviously taken from Pulci, possibly for the use of the itinerant story-tellers.

Neither will we interrupt by rhyme the solemn adieus of Orlando to his horse: "O Vegliantin, thou hast done me such service! O Vegliantin, where is thy prowess! O Vegliantin, let no one boast himself! O Vegliantin, the fatal hour is come! O Vegliantin, thou hast encreased my moan! O Vegliantin, thou art no longer obedient to the rein! O Vegliantin, if ever I did unkindly to thee, pardon me, I pray thee, thus dying."

History of the Life of GUERRINO, *surnamed* IL MESCHINO (*the wretch*), *in which are set forth the numerous Battles he fought against the Turks and Saracens, and how he found his Father and Mother imprisoned in Durazzo.*

This romance is a great favourite. It will be recollected, that Signor Cherubini mentions that one of the brigands, among whom he was a prisoner, amused himself with this history while the others slept. In it history of all times and fables of every nation are mixed together, and enchantments abound. Hence, probably, the preference it has obtained over even the tale of Roncisvalles with the people. After an invocation to the

> Musa gentil, che sopra eccelsi allori,
> D'Elicon godete aure tranquille. *

The story goes on to relate the misfortunes of the Paladin Milo, prince of Apulia and Albania; who, being conquered by the Ottoman, was thrown into prison in Durazzo. Meantime, the nurse, to whose care Milo had confided his only son, Guerrino, having taken ship to convey her charge to a place of safety, is captured by pirates,

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* Noble Muse, who upon high laurels,
Dost enjoy the tranquil air of Helicon.

The sound of this nonsense in its native language makes up in sweetness for what it wants in meaning; and, like the symphony to a piece of music, prepares the hearers to be pleased, they cannot tell why.

and sold as a slave, the child being disposed of in the same manner to a different master; this master was a benevolent man, and having taken the poor infant home, and related his finding it exposed for sale, and almost starved, to his wife, she exclaimed, "Oh, miserable wretch!" (Meschino); which name, as it seemed appropriate, the master adopted. He became fond of the child, who even at five years old, began to show proofs of noble birth and surprising talents, which, reaching the ears of the emperor, he begged the boy of his master, and educated him with his own sons. When Meschino was scarcely more than sixteen years old, a tournament being proclaimed, he secretly armed himself, and carried off all the victories—not the prizes, for they were refused to one who was not a knight, but a slave. Meschino, therefore, sent for all the Egyptians to tell who were his parents; but none of them could give him the least information, till an old satrap told him he must go to the tree of the Sun, where he would learn what concerned him, and that this was the tree to which IL MAGNO (Alexander the Great) had gone to inquire about the time and manner of his death. Meschino accordingly sets out, and meets with giants, enchanters, and beasts, and all the wonders Marco Parro (Marco Paulo) relates, till he reaches the place where the sun touches the roots of the earth; in short, the last mountain in the world, where he leaves his

horse and armour of glass, and finds the tree. He is of course impatient to consult it at once, but an old man tells him he must wait till sun-rise for the oracle; from which, at the appointed time, he obtains the following very unsatisfactory information.

Ser Meschino
Guerrier del Genitor fosti
La tua Stirpe è di Sangue Paladino.
Zeffira fu la balia, e per destino
La Madre, e il Padre sta incatenato:
Detto che gliabbe queste parole
In silenzio resto l' albero, e'l Sole.*

The old man of the sun advises him to seek an explanation of this oracle from the sybil in the centre of Italy. He accordingly sets out, and one does not see why, takes Marseilles and Leghorn in his way. He meets with the fairy Alcina, who tempts him to stay with her by all manner of enchantments; but he has courage to resist them, and sees her on the day when all necromancy loses its power in her own ugly form; this assists in preserving the knight from all the fairy's temptations. At length he leaves

* Meschino! thou hadst for thy sire
A warrior, and may'st well aspire,
For of the Paladins thy blood.
Thy nurse was Zefira the good,
Thy sire and mother now remain,
By fate's decree, in thraldom's chain!
Scarce did the voice these words pronounce,
When tree and sun were mute at once.

her, not much better informed concerning his parents, and goes to Rome. There he receives the benediction of the holy father, and makes a pilgrimage to San Giacomo di Compostella, clearing the way of the thieves and monsters that infested it; and on his return, joins the Christian forces against the Turks. In this war Durazzo is taken, and of course Meschino, or the knight Guerrino, as he now becomes, finds his father and mother, marries a great queen, and lives happily.

Ecco quanto proposi, O mio lettore
L' istoria onesta, che venni a narrare
Del Guerrino, che forte nel valore
Per il padre vendetta volle fare
Acquisto ancor la sposa che nel fiore
L' Eta gentile allor solea passare;
Cosi tra di loro ebbero a giojre
E chi sia più contento io non so dire.*

The prose history of Meschino is much longer than the poem. It would be difficult to say which is most read.

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* Thus have I led thee, reader! through
My story, modest as 'tis true,
Of Guerrino, whose valiant arm
Seeking t' avenge his parents' harm,
Won his right noble wife, with whom
A life of love he passed. The tomb
Closed on his path, thick set with flowers.
Which of the whole passed happiest hours
I cannot tell.

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The modern ballad of Meschino is abridged from a long prose story, in which the author has led his hero over Europe, Asia, and Africa, even to "Far Taprobane;"—he has introduced him not only to the tree of the sun, but into the Caaba—he has made him captain of the forces of Prester John's country—he has made him kill lions like Antar, and Saracens like Orlando: yet he scruples not to lead the Soldan's armies, and excuses himself by saying, that Moses himself was in the service of the Egyptians. To obtain the oracle from the trees of the sun, he makes regular prayers and invocations to Apollo and Diana, with as much faith as to St. Jacomo of Compostella, In short, there is no kind of history, fable, or romance, no manner of warfare, civil or savage; no sort of enemy, man, giant, dragon, or enchanter, which is not to be found in Guerrino Meschino; and its wild and desultory adventures possess, doubtless, a powerful charm, for such persons as those in whose hands we first heard of it,—the banditti of Sonnino.

9. *The pleasant History of Liombruno.*

Another history of enchantments, which begins like the tale in the Danish book of heroes, of the man who took his son to an island in the middle of a river, to sell him to the devil; goes on like the story in the German tales, of the

people who marry eagles and bears; and ends with the mutual happiness of a Christian fairy and the knight, brought about by the good offices of Sirocco, the south-east wind, which showed Liombruno the way to the palace of the fairy Aquilina.

10. *The Adventures of two faithful Lovers,* CLARINA AND TAMANTE.

This is a very modern Corsican tale. Tamante was a young Genovese, and Clarina a Corsican. The French seized upon Tamante, and would have put him to death, when Clarina, with thirty faithful Corsicans, rescued her lover, married him, and they fled together to Genoa. The date of this tale is about that of the government of General Paoli.

11. *History of* OTTINELLO AND JULIA.

A common love-story; the young man falls in love by description, he seeks the lady, their affection becomes mutual. Ottinello by some accident falls into the hands of pirates, is sold as a slave, finds a pot of gold, purchases his freedom, returns to Italy, discovers himself to Julia, when they marry and live happily.

Besides this kind of romantic ballad, every episode in Tasso or Ariosto, every tale of Boccaccio, furnishes a subject for the singers and story-tellers, whose talents are chiefly called

forth in October, at the festivities of Monte Testaccio. During that month, on Sundays and Thursdays, the whole populace of Rome and the neighbourhood assemble in the afternoon at Monte Testaccio, where they eat and drink at tables spread under the mulberry-trees, that grow between that and the pyramid of Caius Cestius, the space being the common right of the Roman people, and dance, sing, and tell stories, till night. On the last day of the month, the gaieties end with a dance, in which the men hold lighted torches in their hands. All this is done in honour of the vintage. Every day in October, the lower class of women of Rome, dressed in their gayest apparel, drive through the streets in open carriages, and end the day at the Monte: the inhabitants of the region of the Tre Monti particularly distinguish themselves in these gaieties. Before the year 1465, the races now run during the carnival in the Corso, were held at the Monte Testaccio.

SECOND CLASS. — HUMOROUS AND BURLESQUE POEMS.

At the head of this class we must place the *Maggio Romanesco*, or Roman maypole, a poem in ottavo rime of 12 cantos. The incidents

are true, and belong to the life of Nicholas Lorenzi, commonly called Cola di Rienzi. The poet Peresio has permitted himself to introduce a little machinery adapted to the popular taste; destiny, chance, a wizard, a witch*, a fairy, and Madam Fortune. We shall give the plan from the author's preface. Cola di Rienzi, being tribune of the Roman people in 1347, and willing to give the populace some amusement, set up a maypole, with the reward of a scarf to whoever should be able to climb the pole and fetch it, besides triumphal honours to the winner. For the preservation of peace a proclamation was published, forbidding any one

* We are not quite sure whether to class the *Beffana* of Twelfth Night with the witches or fairies. The evening and early part of the night of the Epiphany in Rome is a feast particularly dear to children. Not that they draw king and queen as we do, but there are cakes and sweetmeats and fruit, and, in short, all good things, sold and given away upon the occasion. The Piazza della Rotonda is particularly distinguished by the gay appearance of the fruit and cake-stalls, dressed with flowers and lighted with paper lanterns. Persons dressed up to resemble the pictures of Mother Bunch or Mother Goose, and called Beffana, are led about the streets, and a great deal of popular wit is displayed. But these visible Beffanas are nothing in importance to the invisible. When the children go to bed, each hangs up a stocking near the pillow. If the child has been *good*, the stocking is filled with sweetmeats and cakes before morning; but if *naughty*, the Beffana puts nothing but stones and dirt into it, and we have seen many a smile and many a tear occasioned by the impartial gifts of the Beffana.

to wear arms on the scene of action. Rome was at that time divided into twelve regions (*now fourteen*). The chief of the youth in each region appeared to dispute the prize. Jaccaccio, of the region of the *Monti*, and Titta of *Trastevere*, both reach the top of the maypole and fight for the prize. Rienzi's judgment between them, which was like that of the judge in the fable, for he burnt the maypole and took the scarf to make a cloak for himself, does not satisfy the people, who, dividing into two parties, arm themselves, and a battle ensues, which the presence of the tribune cannot controul. At length, however, at the tolling of the bell of the capitol, and the publication of a second edict, forbidding the people to wear arms at all, quiet is restored; but the various devices for deciding the question of the prize all fail, and blows and quarrels succeed for months; when Rienzi proposes a wrestling-match, and Jaccaccio, being conqueror, carries off the long contested prize. The people of the Monti make a triumphal entry into Rome with their champion at their head, and accompanied by their friends, with which the poem ends. The language is that of the Roman people — cockney Italian, in short. The poem was printed early in 1688, and opens thus:

Il palio conquestato, e le sgherrate
Bizzarre io canto, e li tremendi affronti

Amori e sdegni, e risse ingarbugliate
Che fece un Bravo del Rion de' i Monti
Li sfarzi * de le Belle innamorate,
L'austuzie de i Zerbini argute e pronti
Bisbigli, e impicci, e tiritosti † a soma
Successi drento ‡ al Gran Castel di Roma. §

Then follow the regular compliments to the author's patron, Francesco dei Medici, an invocation to the muse, and an introduction, naming the twelve regions, or wards, thus:

Campitelli con Ponte era in più ordita
Con Trevi e Pigna, e Regola, e Parione:
Trastevere e Santagnelo in più sforzo
Monti, e Ripa, e Colonna, e Campo Marzo. ‖ ¶

---

* Sfarzi, *follies*.

† Tiritosti, *tumbles*.

‡ Drento *for* dentro, *within*.

§ The conquered prize I sing, and strifes so various,
And loud disputes and jealousies and loves,
And mingled battles, skirmishes precarious,
Sprung from the champion of the mount and groves;
And all the female fierceness of the doves,
Or women, which you please—and all the cunning
With which each youth his wit and prowess proves,
Which make old Rome think her new reign is coming.

‖ The angriest were those of bridge and capitol,
With Pigna, Parion, Regola, Trevi's swamp,
T'other side Tiber, and St. Angel had it all
In numbers, with mount, shore, the column, and Mars' camp.

¶ The twelve regions are now encreased to fourteen. The inhabitants of Rome are divided into four very distinct classes: the Monteggiani, Romani, Popolanti, and Traste-

After this there is a satirical account of Rienzi, when the business of the poem begins. The prize-scarf is first described as displayed aloft upon the maypole: it was *blue-flowered damask.** The pole was erected in the Campo-Vaccino, just opposite to the temple of peace, where the Campo widens. Towards the Palatine hill benches were erected for the spectators, so far and wide, that the Coliseum was small compared to Rienzi's theatre, and the architectural ornaments, pillars, and pilasters, were of laurel and myrtle.

In the third canto there is a description of the goods displayed at an Italian fair, which we shall extract at length.

For del Teatro a passeggiar vicino
C'erano a Centonara Venderoli,
Chi gridava Acquavita d'Anesino,
Chi strenghe e spille, e Esca, e Solfarole
Chi Ciammellette fresche, e'l Confortino
Chi Pettini, scopette, e Fusaroli,

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verini. Of these the first inhabit the seven hills; the second, the Corso and the rest of the site of the Campo Marzo; the third, the neighbourhood of the Porta del popolo, both within and without the walls; and the last, the city beyond the Tiber.

* The prizes for the winner of the Carnival races in the Corso are still pieces of cloth of gold, of velvet, or of silk.

Mà assai strillar sentivanse più spesse,
Fusaglia dolce, e Mosccarelle allesse.

Meglio che posso ve racconto, e tesso
La stadona, ch'in campo i Bottegari
Haveano fatta una doppo l'altro appresso,
Con Merciarie da sbegottir l'avari
Sparse a montoni havèan pè terra messo,
Prima pile e tegami i Pignattari,
E sotto a tende c'eran da più bande
Pratte e boccali de la Ripa grande.

Spesso fermar vedevase la gente
Dintorno a le cestole, e canestroni
Più d'un provava ancora da valente
E cetere e chetarre e colascioni
Mostravanse le donne fisse attente
A contemplar bambocci, e pupazzoni,
Chi la scuffia, a lo specchio s'aggiustava,
E chi pè bella se pavoneggiava.

Gridava un bottigar scarpe, e pianelle,
L'altro caraffe ampolline, e bicchiere
Palette l'altro, trepiedi e padelle,
Pendeva el gipponar vestiti intieri
El valegiar spandea stivali e selle
Buglie, e baulli, bisacci e braghieri
L'argentieri havean cento belle cose
E l'orefici più de la curiose.

Stava a un baccone un gran bel mucchio adorno
De capelli, scuffioti, e berrettini
El camisciaro havea a la mostra intorno
Tele, mutande, camisci e scarpini
L'uccellator la pavoncella e 'l storno
Cardellucci è cenari e verzellini

E piagnea co 'la mamma ogni figliolo
Ch'in mane volevo il sorce moscarolo.

C'era un gran sforgio in una bella stesa
De pannispalli, ventagli e fettucce
Un altro n'era in una stanga appesa
De camisciole, e calze, e de bragucce
Strillava el caldarar da bona spesa,
Padelle, e concoline e trelucce,
E mostrava el pizzicarolo a tutti,
De mortatelle i tagli e de prescuitti.

Tenea 'l mercanti, e drappo, e telettone
E un gnomerator naspe e conocchie
E'l telarol cambraie e zenzilone,
E chi le cosce in filze de rannocchie
Havea 'l Villan ripien più d'un cestone
De pigne, e noci melasecche e noechie
Chi al cocchiarar voleva i fusi buoni
Chi 'l cocchiarone pè le maccaroni.

Damaschino il sapon squisito raro,
Pomate, oglio odorosi, e saponetti
Polver de cipro, e guanti havea 'l guantaro
Da servir bene ognuno, e larghi, e stretti.
Candelieri, e lucerne l'ottonaro,
El collarar còllari, e manechetto
Chi vendea forbicette in frà le genti,
Chi nettorecchie e chi stuzzicadente.

Havean merangolari molte spase,
De merangoli a monti, e lemonelli,
Fruttaroli de scafi, e de cerase
Insallatari d'agli e ravanelli.
Portate havean le donne da le case,
Crie fresche, piccione e pollastrelli

Ed altre ce affolavano abbondenza,
D'erbe odorose, e fiori e mesticanza. *

---

* Hard by, without the place, a wand'ring crew
Rambled in hundreds, venders of all matters:
Some crying anised-brandy old and new,
Some tapes and pins, some matches, and some platters
For flint and steel. One cakes, one comfits scatters;
Some combs, some brooms were calling; others a spindle;
And one the passengers with juice bespatters
Of coddled pippins as they seethe and dwindle.

Well as I can I'll tell how booths were set up
All round the theatre, and how the fellows
Had set them side by side as they could get up
Their merchandise. As if they had a pair of bellows,
They puffed e'en misers so, that their umbrellas
They eyed, then bought: and there were piles of crockery,
And pans, and ewers, and plates, that looked as well as
The best of china, though 'twas but a mockery.

Here might be seen a crowd round some odd basket;
There one with nicest ear, at least pretending,
To try a new guitar. That buys a casket,
This a new lyre; the old long wanted mending.
There you might see a female group attending
A booth where blocks held hats and caps enough;
While some before the glass quaint colours blending,
Chose their new gowns of silk or cotton stuff.

One salesman bawled out, "Shoes and slippers, ladies!"
Another, "Tumblers, bottles, cups, and glasses!"
Some beds; some gridirons, frying-pans, and caddies;
Whole suits of clothes the slopmen show the lasses.
Saddles and boots, the saddler as he passes,
Shows to the crowd, with trunk, and bag, and wallet;
The silversmith in various works surpasses;
The goldsmith tempts with ring, and brooch, and collet.

This description may serve for a specimen of the versification of the Maggio, as well as an

---

High on a pole were placed a splendid row
Of hats, and caps, and nightcaps, all made ready.
The linen-draper had a goodly show
Of shirts and shifts, for gentleman or lady;
The birdman showed his bird-decoy so steady;
Canary-bird and bull-finch for the house.
Each little one that passed cried, "Do, pray daddy,
Buy me the pretty little dappled mouse."

In a wide booth there was a well-clothed board,
Where fans and ribands vied with 'kerchiefs comely;
Another near bore a more useful hoard
Of jackets, socks, and trowsers very homely.
The tinker tempted, prizing very humbly
His saucepans, gridiron, toasting-fork, and skillet;
The tripeman boasted of his tripe, and, some lay
Hold from his bench of sausage and of fillet.

Here was the draper, with shalloon and cloth:
Spindle and distaff there the turner lays out.
A packman by cries, "Lace and cambrick both!"
Then one, "Frogs' legs to sell!" in discords brays out;
Next comes a countryman singing the praise out
Of pine-fruit, walnuts, hazles, and ripe medlars.
The cook calls loud for sticks to make a blaze out;
"Cook! bring us maccaroni!" call the pedlars.

This way is one with powder and white soap,
Pomatum, perfumed oils, and wash-balls scented,
And powder blue. Next stands the glover's hope
To sell his gloves, so cunningly invented
To fit all hands, (unless the size prevent it.)
Lanterns and candlesticks a tinman calls;
Then one cries scissars, who is circumvented
By one with ear and tooth-picks, as he bawls.

account of the wares displayed at a Roman fair.

The poem, though generally occupied with the descriptions of the popular pastimes, contains a number of satirical remarks upon Rienzi, as might be expected from the date of its composition and the spirit of the family, to one member of which it is dedicated, and who hated or despised the plebeian author of a free constitution. In the "Cola de Renzo, ch'el Principe faceva" of the Maggio, there is not a trace of Petrarch's "Spirto Gentil;" and even the poet's praise of him is ridiculed, and Petrarch himself called the Campion d'un Notaruzzo. The prose life of Cola di Rienzi, written in the common Roman of his own times, and published by Fortifiocca, in 1624, is more just to the Tribune. It is very interesting, and now very scarce.

2. *The Meo Patacca, or Rome in its Glory, on account of the Deliverance of Vienna; a heroi-*

The fruitman sold full many a one that day
Of goodly oranges and lemons fairest,
And figs, and prunes, and cherries kept their sway;
The gard'ner sold his leeks and radish rarest.
The "If for eggs, fowls, pigeons, much thou carest,
Come buy!" that day cried many a country dame;
"Thou'lt find them good, if truly thou declarest."
Then those with herbs and sweetest flowers came, &c. &c.

comic Poem, in the Language of the Low Romans, by Joseph Berneri. Dedicated to the Illustrious D. Clement, Lord of the Rospigliosi. 1695.

This poem is even a greater favourite with the people than the former, perhaps from its being written entirely in their dialect, of which we shall copy the account given in the preface by the author.

The first peculiarity of the language of the low Romans is the repetition of certain words in the same sentence, to give it more force; and this repetition is preceded by a short pause, as, *La vò finì, la vò,* equivalent to the vulgar English, *I will make an end of it, that I will.*

The next peculiarity is the cutting off the final syllable of the infinitives, as *finì* for *finire,* to perish; *fà* for *fare,* to do; *sapè* for *sapere,* to know. Sometimes the last syllables of other words are omitted; and sometimes also the first, as *sta tu bravura* for *questa tua bravura.*

A third distinction of the low Roman is the substitution of *ne,* for the syllables cut off in some words, and the addition of the same word or syllable to others: thus, *fane* for *fare; sapene* for *sapere; quine* for *qui,* here; *chine* for *chi,* who; *piùne* for *più,* more, &c.

The fourth and most common peculiarity is, the constant misplacing and interchange of the letters *l* and *r,* as *Grolia* for *gloria,* glory; *crape* for *capre,* a goat. The letter *d* is also frequently

left out, as *quanno* for *quando*, when; *annà* for *andere*, to go.

Besides these unusual forms and applications of ordinary words and phrases, there are a number still current among the people, which are not to be found in the mouths of elegant speakers or of good modern writers. Of these, some are obsolete, and some equivalent to English cant terms. To the first class belong, *mo* for *adesso*, now; and *stracco* for *stanco*, weary. To the second, such words as *parapiglia*, confusion, perhaps better translated hurly-burly; *fongo*, a hat, literally a mushroom; *schiamazzo*, huzza, and innumerable others.

The Meo Patacca opens with the arrival of the news of the siege of Vienna in Rome; upon which the hero Meo Patacca, a bravo or champion of the lower class of Romans, calls together a body of his companions, and persuades them to accompany him in a march to relieve the city. The second canto represents the private objections made by the families, wives, and loves of the heroes to their departure. The third, the disputes and quarrels of the leader upon the occasion. The fourth, further delays and quarrels. The fifth, the same subject, but much to the honour of Meo. The sixth, the review of the troop. Seventh, preparation for the march; meantime the news arrives of the relief of Vienna. Eighth, Meo turns his mind to making

rejoicings for the deliverance of the city, and persuades his former troop to assist. Ninth, loves and jealousies of Meo, and farther preparations for the rejoicings. Tenth, the festival. Eleventh, the festival continues, with the prowess of Meo Patacca, who chastises all who are insolent to him. Twelfth, the news of the taking of Buda by the Christians arrives; and as the report also mentions that the place was defended by Turks and Jews, Meo, at the head of his troop, attacks Ghetto, the quarter of the Jews, and takes it; and with his triumph the poem ends.

The description of mid-day in Rome, with which the second canto begins, puts us a little in mind of the spirit of the opening of Burns's Tam o'Shanter:

Era quell' hora, ch' i Pizzicaroli
Con le Perticha agguistano le tenne, [*tenne, tende.*]
Innanzi alle lor Mostre, e i Fruttaroli
E Ognun, che robba magnaticcia venne, [*venne, vende.*]
Perche pè fa servizio à i Nevaroli
El caldo insopportabbile se renne [*renne, rende.*]
E allora il Sol, se non ci son ripari
Scalla le robbe, e scotta i Bottegari. [*scalla, scalda.*]
Questo ero il mezzodi, &c.

'Twas now the hour when oilmen smooth,
With well-fixed poles distend each booth,
Below to form a friendly shade
Before their dainty fare display'd;
And grocers do the same, and all
Who vend good eatables at call.

For now to please the ice-house band,
The sun had ta'en the upper hand,
And where no shade did come between
Melted or burn'd the goods I ween.
Nor did the shopkeepers escape
A portion of the like mishap.
In short 'twas noon, &c.

Whoever wishes to form an idea of the dress, manners, and morals of the low Romans, or to seek into their pastimes or their superstitions, cannot do better than to read the Meo Patacca. In the second canto, of which we have already quoted the beginning, there is a fortune-teller with all her own cunning, and all the credulity of her customers, given with real humour; and her costume, and that of a young woman of the decent kind of common people, painted to the life, and not in the slightest degree different from the dress of the Roman women of the same quarter now.* The manner of single combat described in the Meo is no longer just, for the prohibition of swords and even knives has pro-

* The dress of the women in the four divisions mentioned in a former note is very different. The Monteggiane generally wear a black hat, like a man's; the scarf, which also forms a hood over the head, belongs to the Remane. This is disappearing fast. The Popolante dress in all ways, but are scarcely ever seen without the shift puckered round the neck, so as to form a kind of tucker. The women of Trastevere boast of dressing more like the antique Romans than any other of their descendants; but the stiff bodice is surely an innovation on the antique dress.

duced a change in the duel; and instead of the sling and the long sword, a stone concealed in the hand, with which a deadly blow on the temples is often given, or a sure stab with a clasp-knife or short dirk, so worn as to elude public observation, is the modern practice of the low Romans, particularly those of Trastevere. But our mention of the Meo Patacca is on account of its popularity as a poem. There is a great deal of humour displayed in it, and no small portion of the buffoonery peculiar to Italy. The buffoonery of Pasquin and Harlequin and his family, a sort of dexterous clumsiness which, without being wit or even humour, produces hearty laughter, and like wine or spirituous liquors, excites without nourishing.

3. The will of the Abbate Veccei, which, strange to say, is a prohibited poem, but passes from mouth to mouth by way of tradition, and a few copies are still clandestinely sold. It is a merry, rhyming, mock testament, in which the Abbate leaves different supposititious articles to his various friends and relations, such as

Item lascio il pugnale al mio Tutore
Che lo defenderà nell' ore fosche,
E con questo ammazzar solea le mosche
Cesare Donuziane Imperatore.
Gli lascio un Ferajol di panno nero
Che mandato mi fu d' Inghelterra
E se la mente mia forse non erra
Credo; che fosse di Martin Lutero.

Due bragiole di più cotte, e salate
Gli do con libre sette di lombetto
E gli sò dir che son di quel porchetto,
Che andava appresso a Sant' Antonio Abbate
Gli lascio di pregiutti pieno un' arca
Che dentro il Grego vin fur cotti allessi
E gli giuro, che son' de' Porci istessi
Che guardò Sisto quinto nella Marca.* .

And so the abbate goes on, bequeathing a pair of stays, stiffened with the bone of Jonah's whale; the tail of Balaam's ass; the nail with which Jael killed Sisera; a measure of cinders, half from Rome in Nero's burning, half from Troy; and a multitude of other sacred and profane articles. The papal curiosities he enumerates, however, are the true causes of the

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* To you I leave a club of might,
'Twill serve to guard your head at night;
'Tis that with which Domitian killed
His flies, 'tis therefore fully skilled.

A cloak of black I also leave,
'Tis English,— for I won't deceive,
And that same, too, which Luther wore,
And 't served him well in days of yore.

Two rashers broiled, and salted too,
And of the loin, pounds not a few,
Of that same pig that always ran
Behind St. Anthony, — good man!

Besides of precious hams a chest;
In Greekish wine they're ready drest,
They once belonged to those same hogs
Pope Sixtus kept in Marca's bogs.

prohibition of his little book of poems. Besides the *testaments*, there are some petitions to the pope, and to the king of Portugal; some sonnets, and the song in praise of the pig, all full of humour and abuse of spies, and Sbirri, and allusions to the popular stories and tales; so that they are in every mouth, and lines of Veccei's are used proverbially, every day.

4. *The Margrande, a Great Sea of the Abbate Sperandio*, is a collection of humourous tales and stories, and songs, long since out of print.

5. The *Cucagna* or *Lubberland* of *Rossi*, in which he celebrates the discovery of that happy fabulous country, where, as the English nursery story says, the little pigs grow ready roasted on the trees, and cry, "Come eat me," has been inscribed on the list of poems worthy of the Italian Parnassus.

Cucagna respondear gli scioglie e il mare;
Cucagna il cielo, e i venti imbalsamati
Di mille odor soavi, e senza pare
Che spirando veniar di tutti i lati,
Non d'incenso, di mirra, ovver di costo
Ma di Salami, e di braggiole arosto.*

* Lubberland! sounded o'er the rocks and flood,
Lubberland! through the air, the sky, the wood,
And oh! what balmy gales were breathing thence,
And floated on the air with quickening sense,
Not myrrh, nor incense, nor those things of cost,
But broiled, and fried, and stewed, and hash'd, and roast.

The *insects*, in which the *fly*, the *flea*, and *musquito* are celebrated, is also placed among the classical poems; but both of these having become popular, we have mentioned them here.

Besides these, there are innumerable little poems, with such titles as the following:

The mirthful and pleasant History of the death and will of Mr. Barbariccia; setting forth how he left the marvellous furniture of his capacious brain to divers persons.

Pleasant Quarrel between a Step-mother and her Step-daughter.

A Dialogue, wherein appear the advantages and disadvantages of taking a Wife.

A pleasant Argument, wherein may be learned which is the worst torment, Love or Hunger.

These are all more remarkable for humour than wit, and resemble a little the prose histories of Bertoldo and his descendants, which are as famous all over Italy as Red Riding Hood or Jack the Giant-killer in England. The title of Bertoldo runs thus: "The Shrewd Conceits of Bertoldo, wherein you may see how a civil and sagacious countryman, after various and strange accidents, comes, by his acute and rare understanding, to be a courtier and a king's counsellor; together with his will, and several of his senten-

tious sayings." The next of the family is, "The pleasant and laughable Simplicity of Bertoldino, son of the wise and shrewd Bertoldo," &c. These histories, in themselves little more than nursery tales, contain proverbs and sentences much used among the people, and furnish laughter of the kind, that a pantomime or a puppet show might excite. It is like Grimaldi at home and undressed, and suits the genius of the Italians, which, grave and thoughtful in general, delights in occasional bursts of even childish mirth. The stories of Bertoldo, his son Bertoldino, and grandson Cacasenno, were long ago versified, and the poetical edition of course superseded, at least in polite circles, the ancient, homely, prose originals.

THIRD CLASS OF POPULAR POEMS. — LYRICAL BALLADS, SACRED AND COMMON.

We abstain from giving any specimens of the various popular songs addressed to the Virgin or to Jesus. Some of them, though sung in devout sincerity by the lower orders of Rome, contain things so nearly bordering on the ludicrous, as to appear any thing but pious to Protestant eyes. Others resemble so closely in the familiarity of their address the evangelical songs and hymns of late years printed in England, that

we should be sorry to place the point where Methodism touches superstition, in a stronger light than that in which the sectaries themselves have chosen to put it.

The following stanza, which is the beginning of a canzonette in honour of Saint Louis of Gonzaga, belongs to a kind of sacred poetry which now has no parallel in England. Saint Louis Gonzaga, Saint Philippo Neri *, and Saint Charles Boromeo, are the peculiar saints of the young women of Rome, and their pictures are all very beautiful. The characters of these three saints are peculiarly fitted to attract the adoration of the young and pure. Indulgent, magnanimous, and pious, they pitied the weaknesses

* In the garden of the convent of Saint Onofrio, on the Janiculan Hill, there is a large oak called Tasso's Oak. Tradition says, that the poet, during the few last days of his life, which were spent in the convent, was often brought out to sit under that tree; and on the cypresses behind it we love to believe that the garland was hung, which, on the 16th of April, was to have crowned him, but that his death on the 15th prevented it. Under that oak there is a little stone theatre built by San Philippo Neri. Finding that, however eloquent the preacher, or however sublime the truths he preached, the Romans preferred a country walk to hearing a sermon in a church, he built this little theatre, which commands the finest view of Rome and the country; and placing a pulpit with its back to the view, preached there, that the people might benefit by his doctrine, at the same time that they gratified their taste by a country walk, and their eyes with the beauty of the prospect.

they did not feel, and cherished the sinner while they taught repentance for the sin.

Luigi Angelico
Dal vostro viso
Di Paradiso
Spira beltà.
A voi la terra
Fiori vermigli
O rose, o gigli
Pari non ha.
Macchiato, o guasto
Il bel candore
Del vostro core
Mai si rendì, &c.

We have given this merely as a specimen of the spirit in which the songs to the saints are composed. They are always either the productions of enthusiasm, or calculated to excite it; and where individual reason is rather discouraged as an assistance to religious faith, such enthusiasm assists to fix it in every feeling, and unite it with every sensation.

The common ballads embrace every subject in which that kind of composition delights, besides the October and Carnival songs. Among these last may sometimes be detected stanzas from the collection of Tuonfi, &c. from the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent to 1559; and the verses of that eminent man, as well as those

of Machiavelli *, may not unfrequently be found in the disguise of a low Roman ballad. The following three stanzas from one of the commonest carnival ballads afford a tolerable specimen of the ordinary run.

Si vede il suo principio
Il Sabato primiero
Che guidaci al sentiero
Di bella società.

Un dà piacere al'altro
Noi tutti in allegria
Di ballo, e melodia
Godiam felicità.

Oh quante belle maschere
Vedonsi uscire a un tratto
De giardinier, da matto
Da marinaro ancor.

E girano pel corso
Vestiti più perfetti,
Tirando de' confetti
Per burla, or per amor.

Ma poi finisce il tutto
Con stare in allegria
Andando all osteria
A bere ed a mangiar.

* See the collection entitled "Tutti i tuonfi, Carri, Mascherate, o canti Carnascealesche Andati per Firenze dal tempo del Magnifico Lorenzo de' Medici, fin al anno 1559; republished in 1780.

Con polli, e con capretto
Con pesce e con prescuitto
Con vino dolce e ascuitto
Finite de scialar, &c. &c.

Next to the Carnival, the greatest festival of the Romans is the month of October, and accordingly it is the subject of plenty of ballads; one, which is in the form of a dialogue, begins thus:

Uomo. Or che Ottobre è retornata
Sposa mia deletta e bella
Vuò, che andiamo in carretella
Fuori, e dentro la città?
A testaccio, o Tor di valle,
Là faremmo i maccaroni,
Con buonissimi boccone
Lieti noi sarem colà.

Donna. Se non ho l'abbito nuovo
Con un altro cappelletto
Sposo mio come ci metto
La campagna a passeggiar
Che diran l'altre paine? &c. &c.

Another ballad, the burden of which is "Viva Ottobre che spasso ci dà," describes the female amusements of October, and is full of lively and picturesque, though somewhat satirical description.

The prettiest Roman ballads are those of the women who sell flowers or fruit, either in the market or at the gardens. The assigning different flowers to different persons and ages, in some of them, puts us in mind of Shak-

speare's Perditta and her pretty conceits. These, and a few of the amatory ballads, remind us of the simplicity and sweetness of Metastasio, and are quite a relief from the longer ballads of the robbers and outlaws.

Some of the modern songs, such as the *Lament of Napoleon for his Fall*, the *Return of the Conscript*, have a great deal of feeling.

The last kind of poem we shall name here is the short popular song called a ritornella. This consists of either two or three lines sung in a particular way, and is used much as the language of flowers is in the east; namely, to convey intelligence from a lover to his mistress when her careful mother may have concealed her from him. The ritornella sometimes begins by naming a flower, and then singing a couplet or two, in which the flower is fancifully compared to the lady, addressed as in the following:

Fiore di Zucca
Avete nel parlare il miele in bocca
E i vostri sdegni son' oglio di Lucca,
Fiore di Aneto
Quando moro se vado in Paradiso
Se non ti trovo me retorno indieto,* &c. &c.

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* These have not been printed, but are handed down by tradition. We are obliged to the kindness of Madame Mariana Dionigi, of the academy of San Luca, for those we have quoted.

Others consist simply of three lines, without naming the flower; such as,

Sino a Cupido inamora fareste
Di angeliche bellezze pure e caste
Siete piu bella del splendore celeste.

Dove camini nasce un giensulmino
Quando mirone lui il tuo volto ameno
Gli parvi da mirar un vago geardino, &c.

Were it not for the sacredness of the subject, we should be tempted to call the short invocations to the Virgin, written under her images in the streets, or sung before them at sunset, ritornella. For instance,

Oh Maria della bionda testa
I capelli son fila d'oro
Rimirando quel bel tesoro,
Tutti gli Angeli fauno festa.

Like most other nations, the Italians have a great number of rhyming proverbs:

Le buone parole ungano
E le male pungano,

Fair words butter no parsnips.

Ne freddo ne gelo
Rimare in cielo.

'Tis neither hot nor cold in heaven.

Dall' acque chete me ne guarda Iddio
Che dalle corrente me ne guardaro Io.

God keep me from those I trust;
I'll keep myself from those I distrust.

Chi due lepri caccia
L'una perde e l'altra lascia.
Whoever shoots at two hares at once
Misses one and lets the other go.

Chi lascia il poco per haver l'assai
Ne l'uno ne l'altro havra mai.
He who despises a little to grasp at much will lose both.

Many proverbs are common, we believe, to all nations, and all nations have put them into short homely phrases easily remembered; such as,

A caval donato non si garda in bocca.
Never look a gift horse in the mouth.

Tra la bocca e il boccone mille cose accadono.
Many a slip between the cup and the lip.

Non sveglia, il can che donne.
Let sleeping dogs lie, &c.

Other proverbs, again, are taken from local customs and manners, and are scarcely to be understood out of their native country: for instance, the proverb, *Tu sei poco utile come la mula di Balestraccio*, "Thou art as useless as Balestraccio's mule," would require a Sancho Panza to explain it to an Englishman; but every Italian child knows the history of Balestraccio the poor miller, who having bought a cheap mule, found she would only carry the sacks of flour half-way

home, and then back to the mill, so that she might as well not have carried them at all.

Tu sei più rabbioso del cane di ser Bergolo. "Thou art more snappish than Master Bergolo's dog,"—is another of these local proverbs. Master Bergolo having been a schoolmaster at Porta Capuana, his dog turned the spit, went to market, waked the scholars betimes to study, danced, and fetched and carried, but was withal so surly and snappish, that none but his master durst approach him. These may suffice for the slight specimen of Italian proverbs we wished to give here, as a subject akin to their popular poetry.

No. IV.

Pétrini, in his Annals of Palestrina, gives a curious account of the destruction of Monte Fortino, during the pontificate of Paul IV., and the grant of its territory to his nephew Cardinal Caraffa, dated 27th April, 1557. The edict of outlawry is as follows:

Desiderius Guidone of Ascole, Doctor of Civil and Municipal Law, Commissioner for our Lord the Pope.

It is manifest and notorious to all persons, that for many years past the men of Monte Fortino have led a wicked and irregular life both in public and private, and have always been rebels and enemies to His Highness the Pope, and to the Holy Church; and in particular, in this war, they have abandoned His Holiness and the Holy See, adhering to the enemy, making prisoners of the faithful subjects in the neighbourhood, committing robbery and assassination, and fortifying their castle taking the enemy's soldiers to their assistance and by fraud and deceit, under colour of obedience, making prisoners of and killing the

soldiers of His Holiness, and assaulting the camp, the artillery, and the batteries; for which causes there is no punishment, public or private, which they have not merited. And, in order that their chastisement may serve as an example to all, our Lord Paul IV. by Divine grace Pope, wishing to secure the tranquillity of these provinces and the service of the Holy See, and in order that this castle of Monte Fortino may no longer be a nest and receptacle for these wicked thieves and rebels, has determined that it shall be totally demolished and ruined, and that the whole territory, and all private property, on account of their open rebellion, shall be taken possession of in behalf of the Apostolical Chamber: and that all the men of the said fortress of Monte Fortino shall be banished for life, &c. &c. And in order to accomplish this, he has given us full authority to order and command all barons, feodatories, soldiers, both horse and foot, corporate bodies, and private persons: and we, willing to meet the intentions of His Holiness by the present act of outlawry, do declare, that all the men of the above-mentioned Monte Fortino, as notorious rebels, have incurred the penalties of the last rigour of the law, and the confiscation of all their property; and that it shall be lawful for every one to assault them. And all barons, feodataries, officers, ministers, communities, and

private persons, being subjects either mediate or immediate of His Holiness or the Sacred See, are expressly commanded not to dare nor presume to tolerate, receive, or favour the rebels against the Holy See. Moreover, each and all of them, with all their officers, are commanded to use all possible diligence to take them and execute judgment upon them, under pain of the displeasure of His Holiness; warning every one, that diligent enquiry will be made, and that the disobedient will be punished severely, without respect of persons.

Given in the said castle of Monte Fortino, 7th of May, 1557.

You, the underwritten, are ordered to register this present act of outlawry, and that you will cause it to be published as usual; and, having published it, you will return it to the promulgator, who will pay the expenses.

DESIDERIUS GUIDONE, Commissioner.

Rocca de' Massieni; Cori; Cisterna; Sermoneta; Piperno; Sezze; Sequi; Velletri; Cività Lavinia; Gensano; Nemi; Riccia; Albano; Marino; Rocca di Papa; Rocca Priora; Monte Compatri; Frascati; Pellestrina; Cavo; Rocca di Cavo; Genezzano; Palliano; Capranica; Valmontone; Castel Gandolfo.

GIROLAMO FERAGALLO, Chancellor of the Missives (Mandates.)

After this edict, there follows the order for the absolute destruction of the town, and the sowing of salt on the land; in consequence of which a plough, drawn by oxen, was really driven over the site of the houses of Monte Fortino by Pietro Zalaretto, of Valmontone; and Menico Franasci, of Valmontone, followed, and sowed salt in the furrows, in sign of desolation.

THE END.

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-Street, London.

ERRATA.

Page 6. *l.* 4. *for* burries *r.* buries.
12. *l.* 7. *from bottom, for* Popola *r.* Popolo.
23. *l.* 5. *from bottom, for* the *r.* their.
85. *l.* 2. *for* Madonia *r.* Madama.
97. *l.* 4. *from bottom, for* sketched *r.* stretched.
129. *l.* 2. *of the quotation, for* Muluber *r.* Mulciber; *and l.* 10. *of the same, for* sat *r.* fat.
160. *l.* 3. *for* being appointed at the same time masters of the fold, *r.* being appointed, the sometime masters of the fold.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

Scene at the Gate of Poli, Winnowing Corn, *to face the Title.*
Costume of Poli, - - - *page* 28.
Costume of Guadagnola, - - - 74.
Station of Banditti near Guadagnola, - 152.
Peasants in Search of Banditti, - - 170.
Costume of Banditti, - - - 208.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015